

THE

Old Mode & the New,

OR,

Country Miss with her Furbeloe.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

By her Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. Tho. D'Urfey. *Z*

L O N D O N :

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To the Illustrious PRINCE
C H A R L E S,
DUKE of RICHMOND
and **L E N O X,**
EARL of MARCH and, DARNLEY,
BARON of SETTRINGTON and METHVEN,
A N D
Knight of the most Noble Order of the *Garter*.

My LORD,

I Most humbly beg your Grace to forgive the Presumption of this Dedication, and to let me be so far oblig'd to your Candor and good Nature, to accept this Comedy as a particular Mark of my Duty and Veneration: I could not miss this opportunity of making my Inclinations publick, nor can I doubt but that the same indearing Affability which shines from your Grace upon all the World, will at present cherish a little this Poetical Ambition in me.

It is not, my Lord, without considerable Satisfaction, that I know some of the Scenes of this Piece were so happy to cause your Diversion, and ingage your Liking, when it had the Honour of your Grace's Presence at the time of Action; your obliging Censure and Incouragement, not only at that time doing me a noble Favour and Benefit, but also brought fresh into my Mind the Idea of former Majesty of Glorious Memory, from whom you had your Illustrious Being, whose excellent Temper, join'd with admirable Judgment, would often, like another Apollo, graciously inspire the adventrous Muses, (amongst whose encourag'd Band, mine was not the least honour'd with his Favour and Indulgence) And who now, methinks, each happy Day, I behold anew in your Grace's Person and Character.

I shall not inquire of any ill-natur'd Critick, whether this Comedy be good or no, neither wanting, nor caring for his Opinion, it being sufficient to fix my Credit, that it was read and put to the Test before some of the best Judges the Stage has, and receiv'd with general Liking by both Houses, before the Action; and tho' the faulty length, a Rock which sometimes (do what we can) we cannot save our selves from splitting on, and some ill Performance of under Parts, made that part of it tedious the first Day; yet I make no doubt in the reading,
the

DEDICATION.

the Plot and Humors being observed and digested, your Grace will find the Honour you did it was not altogether lost.

It is not every Poet's Talent, my Lord, in this Age, to invent a good Plot, or adorn his Play with that material Decoration so proper, and so applauded in former Times; yet that there is one in this, I dare affirm: And those that will but be pleas'd carefully to read the first Act, will find a Story not only intricate and difficult to be contriv'd, but divertive and full of Variety. And as for that part of the Audience, whose Heads full of volatile Chimera's, expecting other sort of flashy Entertainment, would not let 'em mind the opening of it, and so consequently lost the Connexion, and indeed the Pleasuræ of the following Acts, I am not mortified at all at their Censure, I know the Niceness of their Palates very well, and dare be so bold to say, can please 'em at a much cheaper rate, than with a good Plot and Character; but must beg leave to hint, as once a famous old Author did upon the very same occasion,

I gave 'em Meat,

But they would Acorns eat:

Still undistinguish'd by their vicious Taste

The choice Pomgranat, &c.

However,

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However, to countervail their illness of Appetite, another part of those that saw it were well enough satisfied with their Collation, and I as much pleas'd that it was not distastful to 'em.

And here I believe it a Duty incumbent on me to acknowledge also, that as I thought my self very happy in the Honour your Grace did me, so was I infinitely oblig'd by the uncommon Favour and Ornament some noble Ladies of the first Rank, as well as others, were pleas'd to confer; which extraordinary Condescension, as the Beauty of their Persons and Merit will be renown'd for ever, shall perpetually have place in my grateful Memory. And to conclude, this Trouble given your Grace, I beg leave to assure you likewise, as lasting shall be my Wishes for your Health, Happiness, and increase of Honour, who am,

My Noble Lord,

Your Grace's most humble,

and obedient Servant,

Tbo. D'Urfev

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Pinkeman.

IF Comick Scenes cou'd please like capring Tricks,
Or could be founded with Italian Squeaks,
We might suppose this Play would last six Weeks.
But since that only can your Mirth provoke,
And you grow weary of Grimace and Joke,
We too must try to traffick cross the Water,
Five hundred raise for some rare foreign Matter,
A Portion for an English Farmer's Daughter.
But then you'll say, that we must all confess
'Tis for the Nation's Fame, why truly yes :
In time of War, when Gold's of use to some,
1000 l. given tunelessly from home,
Shews us the richest Fools in Christendom.
Ah! sad, sad times, for since these things must be,
What is become, good Sirs, of Comedy?
In short, I mean, what will become of me?
You know the Talent given to honest Will;
You know to play the Fool I have some Skill,
But a meer Devil at Italian Trill.
For should you put my Voice to quaver small,
How like Midnight Grimalkin should I squawl?
No, 'tis the rare high Notes that fire your Blood,
And rare high Words too, tho' not understood.
For bating some few Travellers come home,
Who have for breeding made the Tour of Rome,
Each Ditty, chanted by the dear bought fair,
Is Arabick to all the Judges there :
Yet these strange times, so much our Pains ye wrong,
Both half a Jest will do, and half a Song :
And truly to be plain, as things go now,
I fear from us too, half a Jest must do.
Our Overseers too cherish Reformation,
And turn to humble Bees the Maggots of the Nation ;

The Prologue.

From all our Plays so slice the pleasant Stuff,
They hardly leave a Whim to make ye laugh.
Our late absolving Saint new broach'd this Trade,
He that late, huge, false Dictionary made,
And left Reforming to be better paid.
Time was, when merry Jokes Diversion made ye,
And without causing Blash cou'd please my Lady,
Now frigid Elders have baptiz'd 'em Bawdy.
And if our comick Scene a Coxcomb shews,
For fear the Figure should offend some Beaus,
Pen gives a great long Dash, and out it goes.
Th' word Cuckold too, the staple Jest o'th' Town
Is cross'd quite out for fear a Spot be thrown
To soil the Fur of some warm City Gown.
Then for sham Oaths, such as adzooks, igad,
They scratch out Shoals of them as they were mad:
Quake at each Page where the word Devil abounds,
And start, as scar'd out of their Wits, at Zounds.
So much reform'd is now our Stage become,
That every Play that comes corrected home,
For want of Humour, Jest, Conceit, or Satyr,
Fop Character, and such divertive Matter,
Cut, scratch'd and mangled, whether Verse or Prose,
Like a maim'd Statue in a Garden shews,
With Hands broke off, one Foot, and half a Nose;
Or tatter'd Jack-a-lents that Fields adorn,
Set up to scare the Jackdaws from the Corn.
Yet this Wit-clipping Age, would Criticks chuse,
Like friendly Allies to assist the Muse,
Our Poet could not by mean Censure fall,
But like Bavaria, they're for Empire all;
And Tyrant like, disdaining mod'rate Sway,
As 'twere a German Town, attack each Play.
If so, for Aid he humbly sues to them
Who hope to rout the French, to vote for him;
And then, when we our Common-wealth's Man shew,
And Country Gatty with her Furbeloe;
If Plot, Wit, Humour can Attention draw,
You shall diverted be without Sol fa.

EPILOGUE.

By Miss Gatty.

Reliev'd from Guardian and my childish Gown,
The Country Dirt brush'd off, just jogg'd to Town,
I got to th' Play-House straight, and paid my Crown.
I scarce sat down, when th' Poet of this Day
Begg'd me to make an Int'rest for his Play,
Oh law! 'tis such a thing, what shall I say?
For I have vow'd to do't, and hope I shall prevail;
A Fifty thousand Pound Girl, sure can't fail.
What, tho' I'm married, and confin'd in Shew,
There's two words to a Bargain still you know.
Stay, let me see then, what kind Friends are here,
Oh! there's a Wink from one, and there's a Leer.
And there's a Knight, — icads, a Burges's too
For me, and half my Sum would make black blew;
Vote down Court Fav'rites, to make me a Lady:
Pardon, Sir Knight, — I am bespoke already.
That Lawyer too, who that grave Figure makes,
With Ink Brows, Parchment Cheeks, and Nose of Wax,
Oagles, as if he'd give, in some fit place,
A hundred Pounds for pleading in my Case.

Ods niggs, but now I look a little higher, [Looking at the middle Gallery.
'Mongst the good Husbands of the middle Tire,
Yonder's a Non Con Parson, — vads 'tis he
That Catechiz'd me so at Coventry.

Nay, — you can't know him, for he's chang'd to Day,
And like true Shepherd cloathed all in Grey.
You, — Player Folks, take heed, he means ye harm,
Don't swear, nor say, a Pox, for he'll inform;
He hates all Oaths, and such rude blustering Folly;
But cants and lies like any Side-box Molly.

But, hold, yonder's a Captain, — that can fight,
Icod, he'll thresh him, that will set all right.

Let me see then, Knight, Burges's, Man in Buff,
And Lawyer, all our Friends! faith 'tis enough;
Their Int'rest being join'd what ill can chance?

Let Cricket what-d'ye-call-'ems their Spite advance,
They've Pow'r enough to swinge the King of France.

And, pray Sirs, use it on the Poets Score:
For my part that I'm sped, you knew before;

My two great Works are over, I suppose,
I've got a Husband, and I've got new Cloibes.

[Views the Pit.

[Curtfies.

[Pointing to the Masks.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir *Fumbler Oldmode*, a rich old covetous Knight, a Lover of former ancient Methods and Fashions of Queen *Elizabeth's* Days, very zealous for his Cause, and tho' crippled with the Gout, and muffled Hand and Foot, yet perpetually busie in all things relating to worldly Affairs, and getting Riches. } Acted by Mr. *Johnson*.

Frederick, his Son, a young Gentleman, a great Lover of Court Modes, and the new Method of living, somewhat extravagant, but witty, good natur'd, and a Man of Honour. } By Mr. *Wilks*.

Will. Queenlove, a well-bred honest Country Gentleman and Scholar, Neighbour and Friend to *Frederick*, moderate in Opinion, and pleas'd with the present Reign and Posture of Affairs, — in Love with *Lucia*. } By Mr. *Mills*.

Monfieur de Pistole, a hot-headed French Merchant, who being of his Nation's Party and Humour, decrys the War, and our Proceedings: He was correspondent with Sir *Fumbler's* Brother, Sir *Lyonel*, in *France*, who dy'd there; and by him being sent over and trusted with his Will, in which a vast Estate is given to *Gatty*; his Design is to wheedle Sir *Fumbler*, and get her a Wife for his Son *Tomazo*. } By Mr. *Bowen*.

Tom. Pistole, al. Don *Tomazo*, a young impudent Fop, Son to *Pistole*; who being sent into *Spain* by his Father, and living 7 Years at *Toledo*, is infected with all the Spanish Formalities and Follies, a great Pretender to Politiques, Business and Intrigue. } By Mr. *Cibber*.

Dramatis Personæ.

- Mysterious Maggothead*, Mayor of *Coventry*, a whimsical conceited Fellow, a rigid Fanatick and Commonwealth's Man, and a great Railer against high and low Churches, and Court Party; he was left Guardian to Miss *Gatty* by Sir *Lyonel*, during his Abode at *Marseilles*, where he dy'd; and being let into the Secret of the Will, is uneasie at Sir *Fumbler's* Hopes of an Heir, privately designing to over-reach all Pretenders, and have *Gatty* for himself. } By Mr. *Pinkeman*.
- Major *Bombard*, an old surly Malecontent, who refus'd to serve all the last Reign, and now perpetually grumbling as uneasie in the present, not being offer'd a Commission answerable to his suppos'd Merit. } By Mr. *Cross*.
- Captain *Crimp*, a *London* Sharper, pretending great Civility and Modesty, and comes into the Country with Design to bubble Country Gent. at Play. } By Mr. *Boyse*.
- Collymor Hookem*, { A Lover of Fishing.
Jack Fowler, { A Lover of Hunting.
Toby Touch-hole, { A Lover of Shooting. } Companions to *Fred*.
- Abram*, a formal old fashion'd Fellow, Steward to Sir *Fumbler*. } By Mr. *Bullock*.
- Combwig*, Valet to *Fred*, airy and new fashion'd. } Mr. *Fairbank*.

W O M E N.

- Lady Oldmode*, a Coquet, first courted by *Fred*, but afterwards by her Subtilty married to Sir *Fumbler*; yet through Fondness to him, carrying on *Fred's* Design upon his Father, counterfeits her self with Child, and humours her Husband in his antique Formalities, and covetous Methods. } By Mrs. *Moor*.
- Lucia*, Daughter to Sir *Fumbler*, Town-bred and witty. } By Mrs. *Oldfield*.

Miss

Dramatis Personæ.

Miss Gatty, Niece to *Sir Fumbler*, being Daughter to *Bernard*, also deceas'd, his youngest Brother, to whom *Sir Lyonel* in his Will gave his whole Estate of Fifty thousand Pounds at her Day of Marriage, provided *Sir Fumbler* had no Issue till the Age of sixty three : Of a witty pleasant Humour, tho' childish and Country-bred, and banters her conceited Guardian with her Hatred of *London Fashions*, to gain more Liberty of Converse ; but in private very eager to hear Town News, and very quick in making Remarks on 'em, in Love with *Fred*.

} By *Mrs. Moor*.

Smicket, her Maid, a wanton Hoyden.

Probleme, a prating impertinent Nurse, Lady
Oldmode's Confident, valuing her self upon
making Medicines and Conerves.

} By *Mrs. Knight*.

Clowns, Singers, Fiddlers, Dancers, and Attendants,

Men and Women.

The SCENE, COVENTRY.

THE

THE
 Old Mode and the New,
 OR,
Country Miss with her Furbeloe.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Queenlove and Lucia.

Queen. **N**AY, nay, your Ear a little longer, I beseech ye, Madam, you can't sure be weary so soon; a young Lady of your Wit and Beauty should no more be tir'd with a Morning Love Address, than with the customary Prayers she hears; for Love is a sort of Devotion too, and not only should beget Respect, but likewise ingage Patience.

Lucia. Oh, Sir, the devout part of Love has been left off a great while; in the good old former Days indeed, when the Lover came a wooing with a Verse out of *Solomon's Song*, the case was different; but now adays they take hints out of some Catch-book or Treatise of new Court Ditties, which are all so common, and generally so dull, you must not wonder if I fear the result of yours.

Queen. Madam, I'll ingage my Honour you may safely discard all fear of me, if that give the occasion; for I shall nei-

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ther court ye in *Tom Sternhold's* grave Sonnets, nor in *Tom Durfey's* airy ones, being equally unskill'd in both; but if I may, without dying your Cheeks too much in Scarlet, have liberty to repeat the old Story, and say, I passionately love you, there's the Sum total, without troubling you or my self either, about Particulars.

Lucia. Oh! you are good at Accompts I see, Sir, and I had best call my Father, or his Steward *Abram*, to entertain ye, I was never skill'd in Arithmetick.

Queen. Oh! Units I know you must understand, and a very little Pains taking, Madam; brings ye to Division, and Multiplication, they are things in course.

Lucia. Nay, Mr. *Queenlove*, if you impose upon my Understanding, there may be Offence, tho' I am ignorant of the Terms; and my Brother's Friendship for ye is not warrant enough to allow that.

Queen. What! I hope you are not serious.

Lucia. A little inclining, a Woman ought reasonably to be so when she's non-plust.

Queen. Ay, gad, but a Woman of Wit is seldom non-plust with a hard word or two; for be it in what Language it will, if she likes the Subject, she'll make a hard shift but she'll guess at the meaning.

Lucia. Say ye so, why then your Servant. [*is going.*]

Queen. No, no, the Jest must not go so far neither as the loss of your Company---Come, I'll divert the Discourse, pray how does your Father Sir *Fumbler's* Gout decrease, Madam? What new Remedys has his kind Lady us'd of late, and how are they apply'd---Well, what think ye of this then,---or like a true Country Dunc of a Lover, shall I look sheepishly upon ye, and for want of something better to say, begin bluntly with---Madam, what time of Day is't, I beseech ye?

Lucia. Why, truly, in my Opinion, that's the best beginning of such a Folly you can possibly use; there's a good Moral in that, for the Question puts ye in mind of the time ye lose in what ye are going about.

Queen. No, hang it, to keep us from such Nonsense, here's one I see coming will change the Scene; your Brother, Madam, who,

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who, I know, came hither to Day to speak with your Father about an urgent Affair, I heartily wish him well upon a double Score, and hope he has succeeded.

Lucia. I much fear it, my Father's Humour and his being so quite contrary.

Queen. Sure the natural Indulgencies of the Soul decay by the Afflictions of the Body, else how is't possible so accomplish a Son as he should miscarry in his Father's Love? He is perhaps somewhat too greatly minded, his Soul a little too large for the Confinement of his Fortune; he loves all courtly Pleasure at any rate that the young and gay are delighted with, but what of this?

Lucia. What of this! and my Father hates all this, and loves nothing but old fashion'd forms, Methods, the laudable Customs of the old House, as he calls it; and whilst this Humour lasts, there's but small hopes my Brother's Business will thrive: And that you may be convinc'd of this, Sir, I'll leave ye to him; for besides your making me blush with the pretty Harangue I know you'll have about me when y're together, there's Mrs. *Probleme*, my Mother-in-Law's Nurse and Confident, I see coming with him; and I'd no more hear the Stuff she talks every Minute, than I'd be condemn'd to hear a lewd Play that the virtuous, religious, and ingenious Grand Jury have exploded at the Quarter Sessions. [Exit Lucia.]

Queen. Well, *Little Love*, be my Pilot, I have courted her this two Years, tho' ignorant of her Fortune; and thanks to my Stars, have now some reason to think there's hopes I may succeed happily; for tho' her Modesty, join'd with her cautionary regard of our Sex, seem'd to oppose and toss my Heart a little, her smiling Eyes yet shew'd a Calm approaching, that may be kind, and let me find my Harbour.

Enter Frederick and Probleme.

Fred. Well, well, you have refresht my Memory, and I begin now to believe your Qualifications extraordinary, which cannot be doubted, you being not only my Lady my Mother-in-Law's Nurse and Doctress, but also her Confident; your Name too is memorably Historical — Mrs. Mrs. Pugh — I am familiar with it, Mrs. —

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Prob. Probleme — *Probleme* — what, starve me, is it possible, Squire, that so small a time's Absence can make ye forget me and all former Kindnesses? When you were a little one I was your late Mother's Woman fifteen Years, and employ'd in the nearest Offices about her: I have sav'd ye many a whipping, you naughty Wagg you — and is my Name almost forgot now?

Fred. No, no, the Name of *Probleme* must be remembred whilst *Aristotle's* is in Vogue; for if I recollect rightly, I have seen it before a notable piece of natural Philosophy.

Prob. Y're in the right, the *Problemes* of *Aristotle*, ay, 'tis pretty well penn'd that; but burn me like a Toast, I can mend him in a great many things there.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha, her Amendments must needs be divertive — What, my dear *Queenlove*, art thou so near, then ill Fortune I defy thee; hark ye, *Will*, this is Mrs. *Probleme*, an extraordinary Virtuosa you must know, — your Honour to her. [*He bows*] Quickly — humh — Mrs. *Probleme*, this is a Gentleman that —

Prob. Pho, what care I for his being a Gentleman? Is he stanch, sound at bottom, will he hold Water?

Fred. Ah! Heart of Oak, true as Steel I warrant thee; what, you must needs know Mr. *Queenlove*.

Prob. Ha! What the Son of the great *Queenlove* of *Warwickshire* — ay, 'tis so, it must be he, I know him now by the Mole on's Nose — Excuse me, Squire, I must salute ye — Why thou art as 'twere my own Child; about some two and twenty Years ago, before I was preferr'd to my late Lady *Oldmode*, I liv'd two Years with Madam *Queenlove* your Mother; these very Breasts suckled ye, ye young Rake; ah, blest be her Memory, she was a good Woman, and I must confess I learnt all my Skill in Conserving and Surgery from her: Odsme, she would make your Jelly and all manner of Paste, 'twould do your Heart good to tast them; and then for healing Balsoms, and concocting of Juices for a Diachilon Plaster, the World had not her Fellow.

Queen. Oh! your Servant good Mrs. *Probleme*, she has had a Monument already, thank ye — and for my part —

Prob. And

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Prob. And for your part, I had the first Charge of ye from the Midwife by your Mother's special Command: 'Twas I that indulg'd and moulded ye for the Comforts of this fine World — and you too, Friend, for all I'm almost forgot.

Queen. Fine World, gad this fine World having two such Companions in't to mischief a poor Mortal as the Flesh and the Devil, I don't know whether I ought to thank ye for indulging me in it or no.

Fred. Very true, Mrs. *Probleme*, nor does the Kindness you did me oblige me neither, so much as you imagine; the World indeed indulges us young Fellows, with a Bottle and good Diet tolerably well, and is a Mother good enough: And as for the Devil, I have no reason to complain as yet; but for the Flesh, it puts me so in mind of my Father's begetting me, and his Peacocks Humour of hating and destroying the Inclinations of those he has ingendred, that it pulls my Fancy even to the Pleasures of dear Woman kind, so that my reason for Thanks on this occasion is not so very extraordinary, I must tell ye.

Prob. Hah! — how's that, you hate the Flesh mortally, I warrant, and you, long Chine, do ye? 'tis very well; why how now ye arch Hypocrites; what! starve me, d'ye banter me.

Queen. Ha, ha, ha, ha, — I *Fred.* d'ye abuse your old Friend that has done ye so many Favours when you were a Yonker, hah!

Fred. Favours, what, to choak me with Nettle-top Porridge in a Morning, and at Night a damnable Medicine for the Worms.

Prob. Worms, oh! ye young Rakes, you have so many of 'em now in your Heads, that 'twould be a hard matter, I believe, for any Medicine to rid 'em easily, but no more of that: Good lack, the naming of Medicines has put me in mind of your Mother's agen, especially of yours, young Sir, that taught me — Well, rest her Soul, she was the most admirable Maker of the Wound Drink, or inward Bruize in the Universe, that's certain; I have the Receipt as ready by Heart as my Prayers. — You shall hear the variety of Ingredients, Gent. Let me see —

Queen. So, much good may't do ye with your Worms, Sir, you must be giving Hints, must ye?

Prob. Takee

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Prob. Take of Bugles, Southern Wood, Mugwort, Sinckfoile, Dandelion, Ribwort, White Bottles, Daizy Roots, Egrepny, Bramble Leaves, Wild Angelica, Mint, Scabius.

Fred. —ds Heart, this is worse than a Welch Genealogy.

Prob. Self-heal, Woodbit, Honyfuckle Buds, Hemp, Sannecle, and Cumphry, of each two Handfulls; then there's Devils bit the best of all, a Root so sovereign, that they say the Devil bit off half the first that grew, to prevent the good design'd by it to the World.

Queen. The Devil he did, — wou'd he had swallowed all the rest on't too, for some present Reason that shall be nameless.

Prob. And now I have told ye the Simples, you shall hear the Preparations, Gent.

Fred. Oh!

Prob. Take a Gallon of your delicate Spring Water, a Pint and half of fine *Bermudas* Lime Juice, two Quarts of the best pure *Nants* Brandy, the same Quantity of right *Langoon* White-wine, or *Bristol* Sherry, ay, or two Quarts of each — hold that will make —

Fred. An excellent Bowl of Punch-Igad, Mrs. *Probleme*, that I'll say for your Medicine.

Queen. Ay, and if the Dose be taken heartily — 'twill make one drunk too.

Fred. Well, well, I will believe it however an excellent Receipt thy own way; but prithee, my Bosom Secret, lay it by at present, and here being none but Friends now, let me know what good News my kind Lady has sent to allay the Curse of my Father's ill usage of me this Morning; does our Plot thrive rarely about her counterfeiting her self with Child? Does she swell gradually, and the Feathers in the Cushion on her Belly encrease weekly as they ought — hah — my dear Doctress, what sayst thou?

Prob. Why then all things are as your Heart can wish, ye Sinner you, and without the paltry Device of Cushions I'd have you believe too; you know your Father's Humour of loving old Fashions, and of seeing his Lady dress her self in the antique Mode of his famous Queen *Elizabeth*.

Fred. Oh!

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Fred. Oh! I have seen her in't often, her Head and Neck ruffled round with starch'd Laces, Lawns and Cambricks, and her Shoulders with Wings, as if she were to fly; and then to make the Grottesque Figure more spacious and goodly, as he calls it, her Hips encompass'd with a prodigious Fardingale.

Prob. Well, starve me, but that Fardingale has done us a Kindness now however, for by that means we have us'd ne'er a Cushion; then I have taught her to puke and whine so naturally, and so long too, that he expects every Day when she'll cry out; and then, my mad Spark, you know what follows; — well — look out a Purse for me, d'ye hear, for I'm going to your Father with new Tidings: And you long Chine — drink *Probleme's* Health, d'ye hear, next time you treat the Taylor's Wife with a Bottle of Malaga at the three Cranes in the *Poultry*, ha, ha, ha. [Exit Prob.]

Queen. Ha, ha, ha, I find there's as certain a Correspondence between the Whores, the Nurses, and the Midwives, as between the Merchants here and abroad, and they are equally industrious too to promote their several Occupations: But leaving her to her medicinal Faculty, let's come to thy particular Affair, dear *Fred*, the Mystery of this Child-counterfeiting, and the rest of the Story between thee and this buxom Mother-in-Law, is a Secret thou hast often promis'd me to partake of, tho' we have yet wanted Opportunity.

Fred. And 'twas only then, as thou sayest, the want of Opportunity; for be assured, dear *Will*, my Breast retains no Secret I would not entirely commit to thine, and think it safe as in my own. [They embrace.] To begin then, I must own I always had from my Infancy, as well as now, a loathing of my Father's fordid Humour and Method of Living, tho' ever dutiful to him in all things else; so that as soon as I could write Man, unable to live at home, I receiv'd what small Allowance he thought fit to give me, and went to *London*; I had two Uncles then Merchants at *Marseilles* in *France*; the one, whose Name was Sir *Lyonel*, extremely rich; but the other, call'd *Bernard*, being unfortunate by Losses at Sea, wholly had his Dependence upon him for some Years past, and both now lately dead.

Queen. This

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Queen. This part of your History I am acquainted with, I know too this generous Sir *Lyonel*, seeing your Father's covetous Temper, bought ye an Estate here in *Warwickshire* of eight hundred a Year, and as 'tis reported, design'd ye his Heir at his Death.

Fred. There never was any thing more common than that Rumour at first, tho' now 'tis otherwise believ'd, — yet to discover the true Legatee, is now the main Secret I am hunting for. My Father to indulge his covetous Humour, always keeping it close both from me and my Sister; the Will being sign'd too privately beyond Sea, and intrusted only to the Charge of one *Monsieur de Pistole*, a French Correspondent of his, who brought it over, and also the Contents of it by Letter to the Mayor here of *Coventry*.

Queen. Two most worthy Persons truly, if Report does not belye them.

Fred. Thou shalt hear — Now this Mayor was at that time made Guardian to a Daughter of my Uncle *Bernard's*, call'd *Gatty*, a pretty young innocent Country Girl, that I have lately made some foolish Love-tenders to; for 'tis she we now, and not without some reason suspect to be the Heiress, tho' one thing balks us in our Hopes there too strangely.

Queen. Hold, Friend, one thing comes into my Head, in which I may chance to help ye; for you must know this doubtful Mayor you were speaking of, imagines me his Friend, and often trusts me with troublesome Secrets; I am even weary of hearing, especially relating to Government, and his damn'd Commonwealth Principle; and now I think on't, I have often heard the democratical Rogue give hints about his Ward *Gatty*, and with what a golden Face Fortune lookt toward him, — and that there would an Hour come, and so forth, — but prithee what is this main thing that balks your Hopes in the Bud?

Fred. Why, at a part of the Will which we have certain Information of, in which my Uncle Sir *Lyonel* gives to my Father's next born, provided he married again and had any, before his Age of sixty three, the whole Estate, — so that to give it to that and to *Gatty* too, puzzles me so I know not what to think on't.

Queen. And

Country Miss with her Furbeloe.

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Queen. And this indeed may be the reason of your Father's vent'ring agen into the matrimonial Noose.

Fred. Y're in the right, for up he comes as much Post as his Gout would let him to Town, pretending Money Affairs with me, and the hearing of my extravagant Living was the Cause, but the real intent quite contrary; —tho' to confess a small youthful Error loving to live well, eat, drink, and keep the best Company, I had taken up five thousand Pounds upon a Mortgage of my Estate, which he had heard of, and you must think was prepar'd with a paternal Lecture for me.

Queen. No doubt on't, it being so contradictory to his own Method.

Fred. Well, I had a fetch of Wit ready for him however; for courting at that time a certain *Bona Roba*, who was furnish'd both with Beauty and Sense, and who at first I was induc'd to think a considerable Fortune, I impos'd upon his Belief that she was so resolv'd in the Love of ancient Fashions, and of his provident Humour, that she had quite converted me; then tagging the end of my Discourse with a little cant, his way, I clearly diverted the Storm for that time.

Queen. Why here the Weather clear'd up well enough, — what follow'd?

Fred. Strange, strange Events, dear *Will*, that will provoke thy Wonder, as well as try thy Patience: This Damzel, that I had spent the best part of my five thousand Pounds upon in courting, whom I found afterwards to be a sham Fortune, hearing me sometimes in our Quarrels twit her with it, took an occasion one Day abruptly to change her Lodgings, kept from me six Weeks together, my Father being still in Town, and I not hearing from her all that time, nor knowing the place of her Aboad, till one Evening sitting at home musing on the matter, who should bolt in and surprize me, but the Lady led by my Father; who, it seems, upon his belief of her Assets, and her Concurrence with his Humour, encourag'd too with some Thoughts about my Uncle's Will, and knowing his climacterical Year drawing on, had found her out, courted, and newly married her.

Queen. Miraculous! — and is this the present Mother-in-Law?

C

Fred. The

Fred. The very individual same, Friend, upon my Honour; I cannot describe my Surprise to thee, it being beyond it; well, in short, he carries her down to his Estate, I soon after very melancholly went to mine, since when, five Years have very nearly slipt away; when my Father failing in his Design of Children, yet resolv'd to revenge himself upon my Extravagancies, as he calls it, another way, listens to a Treaty made by the aforesaid Frenchman, in favour of his Son, a Fop that has been bred in *Spain*, and now sent for over for a Bribe of Jewels and a Sum of Money, to conclude a Match between him and Miss *Gatty*.

Queen. Oh! we'll have an English Rapier clash with a Spanish *Toledo* rather than suffer that.

Fred. No, Friend, Fortune at the last pinch help'd me to a better way, — For whether some blest Vision influenc'd my quondam Mistress, my now Mother-in-Law, in one of her good-natur'd Fits, or whether she had not Power to cease loving me, when she consider'd some hopeful Minutes she was to have with me, and those now spent with my old Father, what 'twas I know not, — but one Day she sent me a tender Letter, desiring only perseverance of my Love for an Answer, and she would from that time counterfeit her self with Child, so amuse my Father, and balk the Frenchman and his Son's Proceedings, by producing, if requir'd, a Country Woman's Child whose Birth would be just at the same time expected. This causing a whole turn in my Affair, you may think I acknowledg'd gladly — and in which Business to do her Justice, she has ever since faithfully proceeded, and to Night, as I guess, intends the feign'd crying out, it being just at the expiring of my Father's 62d Year; after which she privately comes to me, where we are to contrive to get a better insight into the Will, and if *Gatty* be the real Heiress, to steal her away and marry her.

Queen. Why, this is a Story so intricate and divertive, the Comedians of the Town will thank thee for't, to make use of in their Drama; but prithee what could this old *Jew* of a Father say to thee this Morning; you desir'd, I suppose, the Will might be produc'd.

Fred. Yes,

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Fred. Yes, but only as if it were on my Sister's Account, for my own part, I own'd shamefully all my juvenile Faults, and beg'd Pardon like any truant School-boy, — yet tho' he was muffled from Hand to Foot roaring with Pangs of the Gout, which one would have thought should have stirr'd some good Nature in him, yet all I could get from him was, Sirrah, pay your Debts, get the Mortgage Money ready, you have nothing to do with a Letter in the Will, let the Mortgage Money be paid.

Queen. Unnatural Miser! well, I hope his Lady will make thee amends for all, who, but that she is thy Father's Wife, and I know thou usest a Conscience in wenching, ought to have the first Payment in another kind, if it were only out of Revenge.

Fred. Oh! that were revenging my self upon my self; no, let him proceed in his Barbarity, I'll work against him by Wit but not by Villany, tho' I confess I suspect some amorous Expectations are the true Ground of my Lady's Project and Kindness, but that let time make out. — Come, Friend, you must go home and dine with me, my Coach is ready, and I have some excellent Burgundy, a piece of good Venison, and three or four choice Country Humorists, will divert thee beyond any Comedy, besides a hearty welcom from thy Friend; come prithee let's be gone out of this ungrateful Air of his old House; a pox on't, I can smell the musty Bed-mats, and Kitchen-dressers, above half a Mile before I come to't

Queen. Well, get you before, I have my own Coach here, and will follow presently, but two or three Minutes longer stay will be requisite, for I think I see the Magistrate coming home yonder we were talking of; ay — 'tis he, and the rest of his Crew in the cuckoldy Formalities: Away, away, perhaps I may get something out of him may do thee Service.

Fred. Behold, a true stigmatiz'd Figure in Epitome of the Roguery of his whole Sect; Oh! *England, England*, how do these Caterpillars abuse thy Blessings.

Enter Maggothead, the Mace before him, and follow'd by Aldermen.

Maggot. Judas, carry in the Mace, and so worthy Brethren farewell. [*They take leave of him.*] Oh! Mr. *Queenlove* good morrow.

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Queen. Oh! what my Man of Power, Mr. Mayor of *Coven-*
try? your Servant, your Servant, — pray what makes Autho-
rity out of the Chair so early, — some great good is doing
abroad for the Nation, I warrant.

Maggot. Ay, Ay, we had need be early stirring, if 'twere
only to prevent the King-lovers and Queen-lovers from ruining
the good People of the Nation; pray who was that sneak'd
from you at the sight of me, he had the flashy Appearance of
Sir *Fumbler's* extravagant Son; ods pretious, I thought you had
been wiser than still to keep Company with Tories, Monar-
chy Men, Atheists, Promoters of the high Church, as the
Varlets call themselves, tho' they never come within the Doors
of any; I thought, I say, you had been better resolv'd, you
know I have often advis'd you like a Friend, you know 'twas
good Council too, and you know me, Safe's my Word, some
wiser than some.

Queen. Oh! I see you are upon the old Strain still, every
Dog's a Mungrel with you, that does not come out of your
own Kennel; but for all this barking against King-lovers and
Queen-lovers, Monarchy will flourish, the headless Monster
shall make no use of the Sting in his Tail, growl as you
please.

Maggot. Headless Monster, — hold, not so fast I pray; he
that rallies the Head, and neglects the rest of his Body, shall
I not call him a Fool, Mr. *Queenlove*, — come, take heed
what you say, remember my Word still — some wiser than
some.

Queen. The Body manag'd by the Directions of the Head
as it ought, in its proper Station, receives the general Benefit;
but you that are for the Guts and Garbage of Government,
would have all the parts in your monstrous Belly fed with
Delicates, but not make use of a Head to convey it by.

Maggot. Why could not several parts perform several Offices
better than only one, — humh — answer me that.

Queen. No, for your chief Topick being desire of Place and
Power, you would be perpetually tearing your selves to pieces
about it; this Man would cut his Father's Throat to be Lord
of such a Mannor; this other murder his Brother to be Go-
vernor

Country Miss with her Furbeloe. 13

vernor of that place; this covet such a Title, t'other grumble for such an Honour, and nothing but perpetual Confusion reign, but Heaven be praised, it is not come to this.

Maggot. Ah — you have great cause to praise Heaven for it truly, 'tis a wonderful Blessing; besides, what do you talk of Honour and Titles? Why, to reason with you politically now, know there's ne'er a true Common-wealth's Man among us, but in publick would renounce all those flashy Fooleries, if we might have our way.

Queen. Ay, if you might have your way! we should have a fine World indeed.

Maggot. Ay, that is if we might govern in our Turn, — 'tis your doisy Monarchy Methods that disturb the Nation's Happiness; this empty Fop must have Honour, t'other white-liver'd Coward — Honour; this Fool must be knighted, — and that Cuckold knighted; my Lord *Lobcock* must be created, and Mr. *Baron Booby* have a Patent; then Shoals of Sir *Timothy* and Sir *Jeffery*, Sir *Jack* and Sir *James*, and Sir, and Sir, and Sir, all must have Honour with a murrain, when odds pretious I declare — safe's my Word, some wiser than some: There's ne'er a Sir in the Kingdom has deserv'd a Grain of Honour since *Adam*, but one, — and that's a Surloin of Beef.

Sir Fumbler within.] Who waits there, Roger, George, where are ye lazy Rogues.

Maggot. Hark! yonder's Sir *Fumbler* calling for his Men-Mules to carry him from his Bed to his trundling Chair, his gouty Body govern'd by that Head of his, crippled and full of pain, is the right Model of your Monarchy, and yet they say his Lady is just now teeming by him; but *I* was with him lately, and told him if she be, she has conceiv'd as the Spanish Gennets do, only by the South-wind.

Queen. Ay, ay, Magistrate, Fame reports you have another Female in charge, whose conceiving you take more care of than his Ladies, Miss *Gatty*, you cunning Elder, a great Fortune, I hear, and 'tis said you have the length of her Foot to a Hair's Breadth, — come prithee be open-hearted, is she so rich and pretty as they talk, and dost thou manage her purely? hah —

Maggot. Hah! — why that's as time shall try; and when
ever

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ever you hear a wise Common-wealth's Man discover a Secret to a Fool of the high Church, you shall know; in the mean time, safe's the Word, some wiser than some.

Queen. Hark ye, Custard-pate, you are out of your Chair now, and if you are sawcy, my arbitrary Will may chance to direct the Motions of my Hand and Sword towards the poking of your Guts, it may, Republican.

Maggot. Hold, Sir, not so fast, *I* pray, have but Patience till *I* go in, and this arbitrary Disease shall be cur'd instantly; for *I*ll only direct an Order to lay ye by the Heels, and the Motion of your Hands will be stop'd in a moment.

Queen. Hah, hah! there's no pumping the Rogue — but however *I*ll away to *Fred.* And possess him with a Trick that may yet chance to succeed in spite of all their Diligence. [Exit Queenlove.

Enter Sir Fumbler, trundled in a Chair upon Wheels by two Servants, his Gown and Night-cap on, and his Hands and Feet wrap'd in Flannel — with him Probleme.

Sir Fumb. Oh — oh! softly ye Villains, — the Rogues have trundled me over some damn'd Nutshell or other that gave me such a Jirk has half murther'd me — oh! oh! stand at distance — and wait and be hang'd, — come, Mrs. *Probleme*, — sweet Mrs. *Probleme*, my Friend, my Comforter, hah! is the happy time so near say'st thou, shall *I* be a Father so soon?

Probleme. Sir, your Worship may expect it every Hour, for she has all the Symptoms of Maturity that are possible, and burn me like a Toast, if *I* did not rite three times thinking she would fall to pieces last night.

Sir Fumb. Thank thee, good Mrs. *Probleme*, *I* have heard indeed thou art very ingenious in thy way — oh! — how now, what's the News with you.

Enter Abram.

Abram. *I* have brought your Honour the Gazett.

Sir Fumb. A Pox on the Gazet, there's nothing but Lies in't, *I* am busy, ugh, d'ye hear, you Mule, Longears, is the Apothecary sent to for my Searchcloth?

Abram. Yes, yes, here is likewise your Friend, the worshipful Monsieur

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Monfieur *de Pistole*, with his Son newly arriv'd from Spain, desire to kifs your Hand.

Prob. Sir, Sir, your Worſhip can ſpeak with no body now, for here's my Lady juſt coming in to talk of Family Buſineſs.

Sir Fumb. Is ſhe, — ugh — ugh, — the Joy of my Heart, that's well, ſhe'll fruſtrate all their Expectations, I thank my Stars, — *Abram*, — I am buſy for an Hour, d'ye hear? If the great Turk ſhould come to kiſs my Toe as well as my Hand, d'ye hear?

Abram. Yes, I ſhall diſcuſs your Pleaſure with what Dili-
gence I may. [Exit Abram.]

Enter Lady Oldmode, dreſt in the old Garb of Queen Elizabeth.

[Led by Abram formally in by the Arm, attended
by Houſe-keeper, Cook, and Dairy-maid.]

Sir Fumb. Welcom, my Love, heartily welcom, my ſweet Lady, oh! — oh! — the Gout is but a ſlovenly Courtier Sweeting, ugh, ugh, I wiſh I could be better dreſt, and able to entertain thee, ugh, but thou art charitable.

Lady. Did my laſt Water and Poultiſe agree with ye, my dear? Sir, how did you reſt laſt Night?

Sir Fumb. The better for thy Care, deareſt; ugh, ugh, I had a heavenly Nap the beginning of the Night, but the Devil in my great Toe wak'd me in the Morning. [Speaks louder as in Pain.] Well, in ſpite of all my Pains, methinks I have yet a Proportion of Pleaſure, when I behold thee in that provoking Dreſs, that magnificent Reſemblance of our glorious Queen *Elizabeth*, allays my ſharpeſt Pangs, — Sit down, my kind, my dutiful, my beſt Lady, — oh! oh! —

[Groans as in Pain.]

Lady. Abraham.

[Lady Old. ſits down.]

Abram. Madam.

Lady. No more Madams — ye Aſs; I have told ye a hundred times 'tis modern and fooliſh; answer me with anon forſooth, or, and pleaſe ye, — that was the laudable way in the Court of the renowned Queen *Elizabeth*.

Sir Fumb. Rare, Rare, Woman, [apart.] it was ſo, deareſt, it was ſo; my Heart is ſo merry to hear her ſo tractable, that I could even riſe and dance, methinks, ugh, [Starts ſuddenly and groans.] but that this plaguy Toe gives me a damn'd twitch now to allay my Jollity, — oh —

Lady. Well,

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Lady. Well, are the Hofe-keeper, Cook, and Dairy-maid ready to bring their Accompts, and receive Orders — *Abram.*

Abram. Yes forsooth, and please ye, they are here waiting; I will make Proclamation as usual, and call them in their Order, — hem, *Dorothy Spice* House-keeper, *Sarah Stroker* Dairy-maid, and *Rachel Plumbroth* Cook, appear before my Lady.

[*they answer here, to their Names severally*

Sir Fumb. Why this is as it should be now, this is indeed like the old House.

Lady. Come *Doll*, let's see your Accompt. [*Doll gives a Paper.* Humh — for the right worshipful and truly honour'd of all his Friends and Neighbours, *Sir Fumbler Oldmode*, Knight and Baronet, the most humble Advertisement or Bill of *Phillip Flyblow* his Butcher.

Sir Fumb. Good, admirable Method, why the sawcy Rascals of our Age, now if they dash our Names a top, and put Sum total at bottom think 'tis enough, — why here's a Butcher's Bill now begins with the Decorum of a Letter to a Secretary of State, or, ugh — a Petition in Parliament.

Lady reads.] For seven Ach Bones of Beef, Marrow Bones, Marrow Bones, Tripe, Tripe, Tripe, Marrow Bones, nine Shoulders of Veal, and thirteen Legs of Pork, seven Pounds thirteen Shillings three Pence three Farthings — And for a Sweetbread for the Gardner in his Feaver, Seven Pence Half-penny, — Sweetbread, a lavish Fellow, — a little of his own Spinnage boil'd, or a Mefs of Water-gruel had bin better for him a hundred times; Seven Pence Half-penny, pray let me hear of no more such Extravagancies.

Sir Fumb. Rare, rare Creature — I could laugh heartily, methinks, I'm so pleas'd; but now, now, now, now, now, there's another confounded twitch sets me upon the Rack agen, oh! my Knee — my Ankle, oh!

Lady. For Candles to light the old Reader to Bed, Two Shillings and three Pence; oh! fie upon't, that's intolerable; we shall have the House burnt one time or other by his poring over a Night Homily to drone out to us in the Day time; pray let him have no more Candles to bed; if he be a right Presbyter he may see to pray well enough, tell him, by his Light within. [*Ex. House-keeper.*

Sir Fumb. Good

Sir Fumb. Good still—ha, ha, ha—oh—

Lady. Well now, you Dairy Diligence, what's yours? [*reads*] Laid out for Hooping three Milk-pails, and a new Screw for the Cheefe-fatt five Shillings and a Penny. Well, provided the Pails are as well cleans'd within, as hoop'd without, that's not so much. —But come hither; hah! what— And are these the Hands that you milk with? Oh! bleſs me— these swarthy Golls, where the Dirt lies in Furrows, as thick as in a plough'd Field—Egh gud—who would ever eat any Milk, that saw how 'twas managed? —Go, get ye other Hands, ye Slut, or get out of my Doors: I'll invent her a Pair of Gloves made of Tin and Horn, or something, that she shall touch nothing with 'em. I'll never endure this— out of my sight, Beast. [*Exit Dairy-maid.*]

Sir Fumb. Incomperable; I'm beyond measure happy, and my Joy should vent it self aloud,—if it were not for these plaguy Reprimands now and then.

Lady. Well, Cook, and what say you, is Dinner almost ready? And have you got his Worship's Favourite-Dish for him, a Fillet of Veal, with Eggs, and Currant-Sauce? [*She Curtſies*] Very good; there's a Pudding too, Sir, will you please to have any Butter to't? 'Twill take up at least half a Pound.

Sir Fumb. What pleases thee, Dearest: —Is Butter good for the Gout, I wonder? 'Tis fat greasie stuff, I'm afraid, Sweet-heart.

Lady. Ay, 'tis so, Sir; and the greatest Spoiler too of Napkins—Let there be no Butter; d'ye hear? [*Exit Cook.*]

Sir Fumb. Best of thy Sex, thou charm'st me more; not only, ugh---by thy Behaviour outwardly; which is, oh--- as my Soul desires; but the Blessing within thee, the Child, the Child, my Deborah.

Prob. Which, unless my Skill fails me, and please ye, will smile in your Worship's Face, within a very short time.

Lady. Indeed, methinks, I'm very ill o'th' sudden: Ugh, ugh. [*Whines.*]

Sir Fumb. Oh, my Blessing, that Illness of thine not only gives me fulness of Joy one way, but hopes of a Noble Estate another; to explain which, read that, Dearest; [*gives her a Deed*]

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Deed] 'tis my Brother's Will, that by that Off-spring of thine frustrates the hopes of these *French* and *Spanish* Fools that are waiting yonder, my prodigal Son too, and my Daughter, who dream of Imaginary Possessions, tho' I keep 'em in Ignorance of the Certainty: Read it with pleasure, Sweet-heart; and then lock it up safe in my little Cabinet: Go, go in my Life, and lie down. Well, I am, sure, the happiest of Fathers! Come Rogues come, and trundle me in—ha, ha, ha, ha—oh—

Lady. And so old Gout and Flannel fancy your self, [*they trundle him out*] as long as you please. Now, Mrs. *Probleme*, what think ye of me for an Actress?

Prob. Ah burn me like a Toast, the best in Christendom, without all question.

Lady. Thus let all Wives, that in Intrigue take Pains,
Keep but that Secret from their Husbands Brains,
And he'll ne'r miss, —what else the Lover gains. }

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pistole and Abraham, with a Gazette.

Pist. **B**Egar dis is ver strange, Monsieur *Abram*, dat your Maître, Sir *Fumbler*, noe betra understan de Rule de Civillite, den make me stay so long; especially my Son Don *Tomaz*, who is de Stranger, and come from de Gran Court of *Spain* dis Morning —Vat, vere is he?—begar me tink he has tak de Affront, and is gone back agen.

Abram. Back! What, to *Spain*, Monsieur? No, no, and please ye, he's only talking a word or two in the next room with his Man *Pedro*.

Pist. Oh, dat is ver well,—Morbleau de *Spanish* Punctilio be soe strict, dat me vould not have him imagine dis Affront vor rooo.

Abram

Abram. Affirmatively, his Worship, Sir *Fumbler*, will be with your Worship in a twinkling, as they say; the mean while, I'll read the News, and please ye, to pass away the time; here's great News I'm told.

Pist. Oh, me tank you, me tank you, Maitre *Abram*, vid all min art; dis is de ver simple old Fool, Morbleau, he tell de politique French Spy, dat have de Gran Concern in de Council at *Versailles*, and *Paris*, de News, ha, ha, ha,—mum, but dat is all one; —along, along Maitre *Abram*. [Abram puts on his Spectacles and reads.

Abram. *Venice*, August the 23d, Letters from the French Army, under the Command of the Duke of *Vendosme*, give an Account, That he continues still in the *Crem-Crem-Cremonezza*; and that Prince *Hugeone* of *Savoy*, with Prince *Thomas* of *Vondemonte*, will pass the *Oglia*, and joyn to attaque him, having fortified *Be-Be-Bersell*, *Gua*, *Gua*, *Guaftalla*, and *Ca, Ca, Ca, Castiglione*, Humh.

Pist. Hey, morbleau—*Vandosme*, *Vandemonte*, *Oglia*, *Castiglione*, Diable vat is dis Arabick, —Oh de dam Englese Poltroon. [apart.

Abram reads. *Brussels*, September the First, An Express pass'd by here, in his way from the French Court to the Hagg.

Pist. Hagg, Hagg, de Deevla tak you vid your Hagg, begar me sal have no patience—dis abuse of de French Language vill provoke me to Passion, do vat me can.

Abram. With Dispatches for the French Secretary left there by Count de *Avaux*.

Pist. Oh Diable, *Vaux*, *Vaux*, de hear dis Rogue, Count de *Avaux*, my Noble Kinsman begar, Embassador of our Grand Monarque, to have his Name abus'd by dis dull Beste—Escote Bougre Coquin Rascale, hold a your Tongue, begar you fall reada no more.

Abram. And that Don *Qui Qui Quiros*, the Spanish Embassador to the States General, is gone home——Humh——say ye so.

Pist. Jernie let him go vere he please, holda your Tongue, I say, Sott.

Abram. 'Tis said that Marechal *Bow*, *Bowfiers*.

Pist. Bow, Bow-wow——holda your Tongue you Dog.

Abram. Will have his Head Quarters at *Dieſt*.

Pist. Begar I will break your Head.

Abram. And that Prince *Searcloth*, General of the *Spaniſh* Horſe.

Pist. Oh dam Rogue, *Searcloth*——for Prince *Serclaes*; ſtop ſtop a your Mout you Eternal——

Abram. Is to Command in *Flanders*.

Pist. Stopa, ſtopa, I ſay——holda your Tongue diſ moment, or off goes your Noſe and Spectacle begar——Ah morbleau, dare you affront all de *French* Nobleſſe, you Villain?

[*Piſtol pulls him by the Noſe.*

Abram. Oh, oh.

[*Enter Sir Fumbler trundled in.*

Sir Fumb. How now *Monſieur*, what's the reaſon of this Violence to my Servant?

Abram. Oh, Sir, Thanks for this Relief——this inveterate *Papiſt* has not only maſſacred my Spectacles——but ſhewn a true Emblem of *French* Perſecution, by his Cruelty upon my Noſe.

Piſt. Maſſacre——begar *Monſieur* diſ Scoundrel have murder all de *French* Nobleſſe——Jernie, he have ſtaba le Roy mon Maitre, and all de Prince in *Europe*, vid his dam Tongue dat read dat Paper dere.

Sir Fumb. What he has given Nick-names, I warrant, to ſome of your *French* Family in the *Gazette* there, Fire and Furies——*Monſieur* Hothead, Froth——*Monſieur* Bubble, dare you for ſuch a Cauſe affront me in the Perſon of my Servant? Death! ye Kickſhaw, d'ye take us for *Spaniards*, to wear your Yoke and come under your Laſh, as they do?——Ugh, ugh; you know I'm hamper'd here, I'd teach you to abuſe Hoſpitality elſe: Did I receive you under my Roof for this? Oh——could I but ſtir this plaguy Toe, and this Arm were but at liberty, I would pound this Fellow's Popery and him as in a Mortar; I would——ye Flaſh, ye *Paris*-Potgun you.

Piſt. Vel——vel me have done, me have done, me beg your Pardon, *Monſieur*, vid all min Art, it vas only by de ſuddain Paſſion, which Morbleau is ver muſh de *French* Foible; our Nation be all ſo——hot, hot, ver hot; but if

we

we meet de *English* Rebuke——den we be ver soon cool agen ma foy.

Sir *Fumb.* Oh, is your *French* Flapdragon——quench'd, Monsieur *Spitfire*——Oh——that confounded Twitch——but I care not, I'll not take the Satisfaction, unless you ask *Abram's* Pardon too. [Don Tomazo within.

D. *Tom.* Sirrah——fail not punctually to wait there.

Pist. Oh——Morbleau, my Son is here, he must no understand dis passage——Vell, vell, Ecote Maitre *Abram*——Je vous demande de Pardon ; and Ecote mon amy, here be two Pistole [gives Abram Money, who goes out formally] for you ; and I beseecha you for learna your Book, and spell and read betra——do,do, Maitre Steward, it be ver goot for you sur maParole,——and tace vous si vous plais mon cher Sir *Fumbler*,——here is my Son.

Enter Don Tomazo.

D. *Tom.* Sennor mio honrado, yo me encomiendo, in vuestro buena gracia.

Sir *Fumb.* Hugh, I suppose you bid me Good Morrow ; Sir, thankye, thankye, you're welcome to *England* ; Ugh—ugh ; I'm but an odd Complementer, you must excuse Infirmary.

D. *Tom.* Oh ! I beseech ye, Sir, let not the generous Faculties of your Soul debase themselves so far, as to use the forc'd Expression of Infirmary——for if it be the Noble Gout.

Sir *Fumb.* Yes, Sir, a Plague on't, it is the Noble Gout, Ugh——and it honours me with a Vengeance.

D. *Tom.* Sir, then from the bottom of my Heart I wish ye Joy. [Embraces him.

Sir *Fumb.* Joy !——What a Pox do's he mean ? Why, Sir, I hope, you don't think I intend to be married to't ?

D. *Tom.* Joy of the Blessing, Sir,——the Gout never Visits in *Spain*, but the Party is saluted with Drums and Trumpets ; besides, I greet ye thus, as sympathizing with the greatest Man of the Age——his Eminence the famous Cardinal *Porto Carero* ; I mean, Sir, with whom I have the Honour to be intimate, and whom I left, when I came from *Madrid*, in the same happy Condition.

Pist.

Pist. Carero, Vat de Mont de Right Hand of his new Catho-
lique Majesty, familiar vid him, dat is ver mush, — vor he
is de most profound Head in de World — ver wise, ver
wise.

Sir Fumb. Curse on him, happy Condition do's the stiff Fool
call it, Oh, oh—

D. Tom. He order'd two hundred Masses just as I came away,
to be said in the Great Cathedral, in return of Thanks for it :
All the World holds the *Spaniards* to be a wise Nation — and
by them the Gout is noted to be the greatest Clearer of the Un-
derstanding — imaginable.

Sir Fumb. Very good ; and its dear Companion the Stone ;
Ugh, that has some Venerable Respect from 'em, I suppose,
too.

D. Tom. The Stone, oh, th' Acute Stone — Why Sir, I hope
you make no Jest of the Acute Stone.

Sir Fumb. No by my Troth not I : Ugh, I find your Acute
Stone, nor your Noble Gout here neither, no such Jestings
Matters.

D. Tom. No on my word, Sir, 'tis a Gift requires mature and
solid Consideration ; a good large thumping Stone in the Kid-
neys, in some Cases, when knotty Politicks are on foot, *voto*, is
of an inestimable Value. *[aside.*

Sir Fumb. Here's a Rogue for ye, Death ! he makes my Blood
curdle at the thought on't.

Pist. Ah, Je suis heureux Extremement, is ver fine Boy, ver
fine Shild begar.

D. Tom. Two of the greatest Things done in *Spain* this hun-
dred Years ; I mean the Partition-Treaty, tho' it had no effect ;
and the late King's Will, that had ; were contriv'd by an Illu-
strious Grandee, rolling in the Felicity of a poignant Fit of the
Stone.

Sir Fumb. Oh damn'd Rogue, would it had been as big as
one of those upon *Salisbury-Plain* — Ugh, this great thing
done in the Devil's Name, has entail'd a War upon us, fatal
enough to ruine all the Crowns in *Europe*.

Pist. Ah — except *France*, Monsieur, — except
France : Vor dat we always get by de War, is most veritable-
ment,

ment, vor dat reason we have fool you vid de sham Peace all dis while ; and now maka you strike de first Blow, dat it be say 'tis no our fault ; den morbleau you proclaim ; vell, and we take your Ship ; you proclaim, and we rob your Marshand ; you proclaim, and we spoila your Trade : And den when all is lost, is it not reasonable to tink our Grand Monarch will be Crown Emperor, as he expect ?

Sir *Fumb.* No—Ugh—not whilst there's a present Emperor that is strong enough to crush his Vanity, Ugh—not whilst we have Fleets at Sea to blow 'em up, and Armies at Land to mow 'em down, Ugh—not whilst we have Generals that can snap up a dozing Marechal of *France*, in the midst of an armed Garrison, and run away with him as a Fox does with a Chicken out of a Court-yard ; nor whilst our brave Sea-Admirals can force away your Galleons, and burn your Men of War in your Harbour, Ugh ; in short Monsieur, not whilst our Princely Allies encamp in *Flanders*, and the Glorious Queen *ANNE* influences *England*, we'll have no more Emperors.

D. *Tom.* Soft, Sir ; the wise *Spaniards*, whenever they argue, lay aside all Heat, pray be more sedate ; I honour the *Spanish* Mode, and I abominate Heat.

Sir *Fumb.* Sir, that you respect the *Spanish* Mode, appears plain enough by your Dress there ; but that you abominate Heat, and yet go muffled up in a Cloke in the Summer, when we are ready to fry, is somewhat contradictory ; but you'll say, 'tis the *Spanish* Mode still, and a Cloke must be worn there, if a Man be at Tennis ; a Smith won't shoe your Horse without one, and arm'd too with a long *Toledo*.

D. *Tom.* If it be a Coach-Horse he will not, 'tis his Puntilio.

Pist. Ver fine, ver fine, he is one great Observer of all thing is done ; such distinction of de Orse, den mon cher fils.

D. *Tom.* Distinction ! oh much, much ; a Coach-Horse is supposed to belong to some Grandee, and the Cloke is worn in respect to him ; for one of a meaner Rank, they'll undress to Doublet and Breeches ; but for a Pedler's, or a Post-Boy's, they'll strip negligently, that is, stark naked.

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Sir Fumb. Ay, that is, because Pride and Idleness can scarce provide 'em any Cloaths; and then Hunger, there, is an inferable Companion.

D. Tom. The Air being thin and rarified, generally, indeed, provides 'em good Stomachs.

Sir Fumb. Ay, and the Earth little or nothing to satisfie 'em with; I think a Cabage is a Jewel amongst 'em.

D. Tom. Why truly a good Cabage is respected; the Wife of Don John of Austria, once in a Longing Condition, mortgaged a great *Frontiniack* Vineyard for a large Cabage; but the People are often very luxurious, they abound very often.

Sir Fumb. Oh no such matter, Faith, *Spaniard*; Abound!—Death, if they get but a Piece of Beef, they shall hang all the Bones out, and write underneath, Here has been Beef eaten; as if 'twere a Miracle. This nettles the Fool. [*Aside.*]

D. Tom. Oh pray forbear, Seignior, pray forbear.

Sir Fumb. And if they get but a lean Hen, the Feathers shall be spread about the Door, with greater Pride than we our Carpets at some Princely Solemnity.

D. Tom. Oh fie, Seignior, I can't hear this, *voto*, 'tis barbarous.

Pist. Ah, come, come, here is Rally enough; let me turn de Discourse, and speak of de main Business, de Will, Sir, and de Fifty thousand Pound, Ecote a moy, *Sir Fumbler*; produce your Niece for marry, here in one hand is 5000 *l.* vor maka de Bargain, in toder Hand is my Son: And begar me vil speaka one proud word, he have not his Vellow in *Europe*, vor Wit, vor Politick, vor Business; dat I say, along, ditte a moy done, is de ting done.

Sir Fumb. Why then, Monsieur, to deal freely with ye, tho' I formerly had some Thoughts to strike up a Bargain with ye, yet now I must own my self of another Mind: For to end all in a word; I am more than bless'd with hopes to have an Heir of my own begetting, to enjoy the Estate mentioned in the Will—oh—oh.

Pist. Hey, Morbleau, vat is dis Jernie---You beget de Heir, and cry, Oh, oh---Vat you mean, *Sir Fumbler*?

Enter

Enter Problem.

Sir Fumb. Why here's one will tell you more then---Now *Problem*, what say'st thou, is the happy Time come? Hah---speak out.

Prob. She's just ready to produce, Sir; but desires to see ye before she takes her Chamber, to settle things: Burn me like a Toast, I believe there's a thumping Boy a coming.

Sir Fumb. Lookye there, Monsieur, for all Oh, oh: Go fetch her, *Problem*.

Pist. Morbleau, vat am I den Jilted, and my Son Don *Tomaz* too: Begar I vill no believe dat Oh, oh, can beget de Shild---me vill wash dere Water, along, avec moy mon fils---along.

[Exit Pistole.]

D. Tom. This Gouty Knight has a mixture of Knavery as well as Morosity in him, voto, I hate his Punctilio, and will endeavour to put a *Spanish* Counter-plot upon him, I think I have it here.

[Exit D. Tom.]

Re-enter Problem, leading Lady Old-mode. *[Abram waiting.]*

Lady. Mr. Steward, I have now made ye my Confident, and Friend; therefore be sure to answer what is ask'd ye affirmatively, as you expect your Keys to remain in their right Station, or eat a Second Sack-Poffet with your Mistress, my Maid *Dorothy*.

[Speaks entring.]

Abram. No more words, forsooth, I pray you; your Honour hath my Nose in a Cleft-stick, and affirmatively, may lead or drive me as you please.

Lady. Come *Problem*, now for a Second Act of the Comedy, Ugh, Ugh.

Sir Fumb. Oh! that delightful Musick, that delicious Sound, oh---oh--- tho' I am fain to tune my Pipes too in another Key, yet methinks to Groan in Confort with her upon this occasion, makes it heavenly Harmony: Well kind Harbinger of Happiness, how go Matters now hah! is the wish'd-for time coming?

Prob. Very near, Sir: She eat so much at Dinner, of your Worship's beloved Dish, the Fillet of Veal with Eggs, and Currant-Sauce, which has made her so ill, that I believe I shall be sent very speedily to call the Good Women---Ols me, a Chair, a Chair, good Mr. Steward.

E

Sir Fumb.

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Sir Fumb. Hah ! by the Renown'd Queen *Elizabeth*, I prognosticate from thence glorious things to come ; 'tis said it was formerly the Darling Dish of the incomparable *Sir Walter Raleigh*, from whence I took a fancy to't ; and now the Omen is notably singular in relation to this Infant in the Womb.

Lady. Ugh—ugh—If I die, my dear Sir, I'll yet leave the World with a Blessing on ye, and wish ye a happy Father. Ah ! *Problem*, if the Child be but gifted as it ought, and have but the Resemblance of that sweet Face of his Dadda, I shall be extasied—Ugh, ugh—

Sir Fumb. Oh—oh—my Knee,——thankye, thankye Dearest, my Face——ha, ha——mine——no, no, thy own, thy own sweet Countenance must bless it : And then --- what *Rosamond* can compare ?

Lady. I have taken care its Birth shall be celebrated as 'tis fitting, for your Honour, my dear Sir : I'll make bold to borrow those Jewels of yours, to trick up its Swadling-Cloaths, and make the little Rogue fine. And I'm resolv'd, for your sake too, following still the worthy ancient Mode you love, to appear in no ordinary State my self, when I Lie-in.

Sir Fumb. Humh——What says she. ? Borrow my Jewels ! Death ! Two thousand Pounds-worth of Jewels to glitter upon a Bundle of Clouts, that are to be piss'd, we'll suppose, every two Minutes -- Oh -- oh ! Dost hear Mrs. *Problem* ? Prithee tell her, Jewels are not proper to be worn by little Brats in Swadling-Cloaths, the Points of the Diamonds will cut its Fingers.

Prob. Ah, burn me like a Toast, I dare not tell her so for the World, Sir : For to cross her in this Condition——would be such a thing——

Lady. Ugh——ugh——What, I hope, my dear Sir, do's not grutch his sweet Babe a little Ornament——since I only follow the ancient Custom——honest *Abram* told me there he had it from History, that when *Sir Philip Sidney's* Lady was Brought-to-Bed, the Child was dress'd with all the Jewels of the Family.

Abram. So——now cometh my Kue——Yes, affirmatively, I have seen it printed in some ancient Memoirs.

Sir Fumb. A Plague of your Memoirs—he has read nothing but the

the Stewards Guide, and the Yearly Almanacks, this fifty Years, and now the old Polecat is come out with his Memoirs.

Lady. Oh—oh—oh— [Whines louder.

Prob. Oh! she takes something to Heart, I'm afraid; she changes extreamly.

Sir Fumb. Well, well—the Child shall have 'em, tell her, *Mrs. Problem*—but take Care of its Fingers, d'ye hear—How is it Honey?

Lady. Happy to make you so, Sir, tho' indispos'd—but as I was saying, for I would fain dispatch all my Business before I Lie-down, next to the Jewels for the Child, the Plate will be very requisite to set out my Room, as I Lie-in, 'twill look great.

Sir Fumb. Oh awker'd, awker'd,—clownish—Great Basons, Ewers, Beakers, Flaggons, and Tumblers, in a Lady's Chamber—fie, fie.

Lady. Nay, not that I shall drink in the Flaggons; but honest *Abram* told me, that the Teeming Ladies belonging to Queen *Elizabeth*, had their Child-bed Caudles always brought to 'em in great Flaggons.

Sir Fumb. Did you tell her so, Befom-beard?

Abram. Yes, indeed, I have heard it was the ancient worthy Custom, affirmatively.

Sir Fumb. Very well, Ink-bottle—Oh! that I were as able as *Hercules*, and had such another Club but for one Hour, how pleasurable could I drub that old Dog.

Lady. Nay, pray—ugh—don't grutch your Plate neither, dear Sir—for I shall scarce live to use it—I shall die, I'm sure—Oh, oh— [Groans louder.

Prob. Oh—Sir! let her have it for Heaven's-sake, she's very ill indeed; and if she be vex'd—

Sir Fumb. No, no, Love, I do grutch thee nothing; prithee don't vex thy self, thou shalt have the Plate; but is that all?

Lady. Ay, ay, Sir, all—alas, why this is only for your Honour, and so Adieu my Good Sir: Pray for me, [weeps] If it be a Boy, I'll suckle it my self, as much as I can. But humh! now I think on't, there should be a Sucking-Bottle bought for fear of the worst: The fam'd *Sir Thomas More's* Lady had one of Gold for her Son, a Month before she was quick.

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Prob. Odfoe, well remembred, the Boy must not want a Sucking-Bottle indeed ; Mr. Steward, Pray remember to lay by a Hundred Pieces for that.

Lady. Ugh, ugh : Ay, ay, a Hundred Pieces will be sufficient ; D'ye hear honest *Abram* ?

Abram. Yes forsooth——

Sir Fumb. Yes forsooth : Hedgehog——Oh—oh—Death, a Hundred Pieces for a Sucking-Bottle——well, this is all I hope then.

Lady. Please also to afford with 'em——

Sir Fumb. 'Ddsheart and Lungs——afford still.

Lady. Only a Parting-kiss, Sir.

[*weeping.*]

Sir Fumb. Oh ! ay, with all my Heart, Dearest, that's somewhat cheaper : Well, adieu, Child ; and I wish thee Good Luck.

[*Kisses her.*]

Lady. Adieu, dear Sir——And if your Son and Heir cost me my Life, pray be kind to my Memory however [*in a weeping Tone.*] Come, *Problem*, let's go and laugh the rest within.

[*Altering her Tone, Exeunt.*]

Sir Fumb. Ugh, ugh——tho' she has made me sweat with her expensive Demands ; yet the Fifty thousand Pounds in the Will, the Child brings, makes full Amends——and I'll regale my self with thought of that, come —— carry me in there.

[*Servants trundle him in.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Frederick, Queenlove, Bombard, Crimp, Hookem, Jowler, Touch-hole, appear sitting at Dinner, Combwig waiting, Musick playing, a Sonnata; then a Song sung. Butler waiting at Side-board.

SONG.

I.

THE Infant Blooming Spring appears,
Phœbus o'ercomes the Winter Shade;
And now this wondrous of all Years,
The Prize of Europe must be play'd.

II.

Crested Bellona, shakes her Lance,
Her Sister Britain to defend:
Whilst Mars of old, in League with France,
Dares proudly against both contend.

Second Movement.

Then Ronze valiant Britains, and Fear quite remove,
You cannot of Victory fail;
Our Goddesses below, and our Goddesses above,
By force of their Arms;
As those of their Charms,
Have a Right still to conquer the Male.

Jowler. Very fine, extream fine Musick Faith——ah——
well fare the new Family, I say.

Fred. Combwig, tell the Butler, that Florence-Wine is a little prick'd; and bid him give Major Bombard, instead on't, a Bumper of Champaign in his Right-hand, or Burgundy, which he pleases.

Bomb.

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Bomb. Either of 'em, good Mr.—— a-but is not a Bumper in that Glas too much, hah? [*Combwig is waiting on Fred.*

Comb. Too much, Sir; no nor twenty such Glasses neither; Powder me, de know where ye are, Sir, to ask such a Question? —— Why this is the New Family, Major; you are not starving at Sir *Fumbler's* now: Come, come, try if you can find a Pearl in the bottom.

Bomb. Nay, the young Fellow has the Soul of an Emperor, that's the truth on't: For I think *Heliogabalus* himself had scarce more Variety than here has been.

Fred. That Old Fellow, *Will---* is a surly Malecontent, and meerly so, through too blind a Conceit of his own little or no Merits. He was a great Grumbler all the last Reign, choak'd himself daily, and would seek, nor take, forsooth, no Employment under the Prince of *Orange*, as he call'd him——and now not being in haste cramb'd with a Commission for Colonel, is in the same Uneasiness; thou shalt see me open him with this Brimmer, and lay his Intellects before thee.

Queen. I have met several of those fine Persons formerly, who rather than eat with t'other Party, would dine upon a piece of Loyal Bread and Cheese, in some dirty Ale-house, and fancy they deserve to be Sainted for it. Dam 'em, I hate Fellows that prefer the Service they owe their Country, to the Folly of a sullen captious Humour: If the Government were of my Mind, they should eat their Loyal Crust long enough.

Fred. Prithee observe him,——*Combwig*, give each Man his Brimmer: Come Major *Bombard*, the Queen's Health, three Go-downs, and let it be done with these Words, round her three Kingdoms.

*In Wealth may she flow,
May she Lewis bring low,
May her Fame spread and grow,
Whilst Sun shines, or Winds blow,
And hang up her Foe.*

[Drinks.]

Bomb. Ay, *And Seoundrels also,
That won't let her know
Where Merit lies low,*

Once renown'd ——— in ——— in

Queen.

In Crambo, ha, ha, ha. [they laugh.]

Bomb.

Bomb. Come, come, Gentlemen, the War is a good Sifter of Merit, good Men may be wanted e're long, since the *French* are not asleep: Oh! for another *Landen-Business*, to crop our raw Fresh-water Scarf-men; then Commissions, I warrant, would ride Post, and Men of Conduct scarce be in Humour to receive 'em. [He Drinks.

Fred. I told thee he was so full, he must vent a little.

Queen. Oh, or burst, that's plain: But come, prithee now let's rise, and have a word or two about what I spoke to thee before Dinner.

Fred. What, thy Plot upon my Father to get sight of the Will? Gad, I begin to like it; I know my Fellow has broke it to the Major there already, and I think to most of the rest, I'll ask him, *Combwig* come hither [They rise and whisper,

[then all rise.

Crimp. 'Tis pity this worthy free-hearted Gentleman should ever die, Major.

Bomb. Ay, the Fellow has a good open Soul of his own, 'tis pity he is not a better Soldier; he should have made a *French* Campaign or two, he wants Military Breeding mightily.

Jowler. A Plague of Campaigns, I'll follow a Pack of good Fox-hounds, and rid my Country of its Enemies that way.

[Winds a Horn.

Bomb. Ay, thou art a rare Fellow, for the Good of the Publick — Oh! damn'd Whore, *Fortune*, that such a Rogue as that should have an Estate. [aside.

Hook. And I'll manage my Hook and Line, and Artificial Fly, upon the River, and make a Trout of a Yard long leap to me as if he had Quicksilver in his Guts; here's a Rod now, here's a piece of Taper Ingenuity, and there I throw in; [Hookem imitates Fishing with his Rod] pop, up he comes, hey Boys, I have him Faith; there's Diversion for ye, ah, there's no Sport in the Universe compar'd to Fishing, that's most certain.

Bomb. There's another — a tame Fool, 'tis pity he was not an Otter, that he might never be without his Diversion of Dabbling.

Touch. No Sport, Flint and Steel! What not shooting ye Buzzard? — Gad, if thou didst but go a little way, I mean

mean about twenty Mile in a Morning, with my Dog *Trey* and I, thoud'ſt be ſoon of another Opinion, Faith ; if thou didſt but ſee how I maul the Pheasants and Woodcocks, how cleverly ſlap, I take a Partridge flying, [*he mimicks ſhooting*] and then how *Trey* watches my Fire, and when he's down, ſowſes in and fetches him to me, ah, thoud'ſt ſoon then knock under the Table.

Bomb. So, well ſaid *Touch-hole* — three very fine Country-Patriots indeed.

Crimp. Gentlemen, in my Opinion, there needs no preference in either of your Sports, nor can there reaſonably be any Heats between ye about it. The ſedate and ſolidly-given Mr. *Hookem*, loves the pretty amusing Sport of Fiſhing. [*Hee ſeems to talk on.*]

Comb. Sir, I broke the Matter to 'em all before Dinner, and they reſolve to be at your Command at a Minute's warning ; the Major ſays, he owes your Uncle a Good Turn, and rejoyses to be any way concern'd in putting a Trick upon him.

Queen. Prithee, Mr. *Combwig*, give me another Glaſs then—I'll begin a Health.

Crimp. Gad, I hope thou'lt find her worth 30000 *l.* as reported ; and if ſhe be, I deſerve half for my fine Plot. The Noble Major here, is for War and Honour got in Bloody Fields of Battle.

Bomb. Ay, in a good Cauſe, and when Merit is rais'd, and Men of Valour diſtinguiſh'd ; not in theſe Days, when Spiritleſs Aſſes are loaden with Commiſſions, and Martial Lyons, in Dens, ſit chewing the Cud of Melancholly.

Fred. Hark Friend—*Bombard* is at it ſtill yonder.

Queen. Oh ! one Hint winds him up for two Hours Railing at any time.

Crimp. Hugh—he ſuppoſes himſelf neglected by the Government, and is a little out of Humour : But as I was ſaying, Gentlemen, the valiant Major loves War, generous Mr. *Fowler* here a Pack of good Dogs, and the tender Lover of his dear Friend and Companion, *Trey*—ſweet Mr. *Touch-hole* here, a Gun and Shooting, —Very good : Why, let every one, I beſeech ye, purſue his pleaſurable Inclinations, and love one another ;

ther ; to serve ye all amicably shall be mine ; for bating a little harmless Pastime now and then this way, [*They embrace him.*] my chief Diversion is to oblige my Friend, for my part I love that.

[*Crimp shakes Box and Dice.*]

Hook. Mr. *Crimp*, I'm your humble Servant.

Queen. Thou lov'st Box and Dice better by half, to my knowledge. Prithee, *Fred.* how came this Setter here, I knew him at London, a Common Sharper, a Fellow that liv'd upon wheedling young Cullies, by counterfeiting Honour and Civility, that afterwards he might get an opportunity at Play to cheat 'em of their Money.

Fred. And without doubt these, who are, thou seest, of the true Country Breed, —and Men of Estates too, are the Quarry he now flies at, to make a Penny of for his Summer Sport ; I never saw him before, he's their Acquaintance, — tho' my Guest.

Queen. Well, they'll serve well enough for the Plot we have, however : Come Gentlemen, here's my Friend *Fred's* Health, and to the happy Success of what honest Mr. *Combwig* has spoke t'ye about ; Major, come a Sanction.

Bomb. With all my Heart, for my part I am ready.

Jowl. And I, I'm for any Trick upon the Miser, Sir *Fumbler* ; I hate even a Dog that belongs to the old Family mortally.

Touch. They give us there, instead of a Bumper of Bourdeaux, a Horn of small Beer.

Jowl. A Dish of Black-ey'd Beans without Bacon.

Hook. And a brown coarse Pudding, without any Butter : When here at the New House we have Venison, Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, Snipe, Teal, Widgeon.

Jowl. Bourdeaux, Florence, Champaign, Burgundy, Mount-alchine, Chablais, Canary, Sherry — hey for the New Family, and let the Gout still cramp Sir *Fumbler*.

Crimp. Nay, he stinted me even of a Napkin to wipe my Fingers ; he is no Generous Person, by no means — he won't throw a Die, nor nothing — therefore hey for the New Family, I say so too.

Queen. Well, Gentlemen, ye are all to be disguis'd in Red Coats, which I have already borrowed of a Collonel, a Friend

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of mine, and now let's drink one Glass more, Prosperity to the New House, and so part till the appointed Hour for our Plot.

Bomb. Ay, come, Prosperity to the New Family,——with a Huzza. [*They all drink it.*]

Fred. Gentlemen, when the Business is over, I'll pay my Thanks at large. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Maggot-head and Smickett.

Magg. Well *Smickett*, where's your Mistress?

Smick. E'en where you left her; sitting at her Window above, paring of Quinces to make Marmalade, and looking to see how the Rooks build: For my part, I wonder how the young Creature can be so well pleas'd with these dull Country Objects; she has not my Relish I'm sure.

Mag. Oh! pray indulge your own Relish, and remove from 'em then; I'll not have the Girl infected, Hufwife, with your scurvy *London-Principles*; I know you had rather be Gaping there, to see the Coaches rattle up and down, and the Fops flutter in their Bob-tail'd Blew Coats, and White Coats, and Red Coats, and long shameful powder'd Wigs, that cover 'em like the Picture of *Eve* in my Parlour, a Pack of Frenchified Puppies: But pray don't you set her agog after these Fooleries, forbear, I say, Town Rampant, Safe's the word —— Go call her down.

Smick. No, Faith, I need not set her; for she's inclin'd enough of her self, if he knew all.

Magg. What Mr. *Queenlove* hinted to me this Morning about her, has since, a little alarm'd me: I have had the Charge of this young Creature ever since her Infancy; I know too, she's worth 50000 *l.* bequeathed to her by her Uncle's Will, when she marries; provided Sir *Fumbler* has no Heirs at his Age of Sixty three, which now expiring, he pretends his Lady to be with Child; which I laugh at: Therefore if I can keep her from this young Rake-hell, *Frederick*, who has had some han-
* kering

kering after her, my *French* and *Spanish* Adventurers are fob'd on course ; and kept in the innocent Ignorance she now remains, I doubt not but to mould her to my own hand ; for to my thinking, the poor Fool has no indifferent Opinion of my Parts already.

Enter Miss Gatty, paring a Quince.

Magg. So Miss Gatty : What employ'd about your Sweet-meats?——that's well.

Miss G. Yes, indeed, forsooth, Pappa : And I have been so busie all this Morning about it, that I han't had time yet to eat my Breakfast ; *Smicket* and I have made two and fifty Pots already.

Magg. That's my good Girl, Marmalade is of great use to me this Year of my Mayoralty, to fill up the Desert, when I'm oblig'd to treat the Aldermen, their Wives and Daughters,—besides, Safe's the word, I love the Conserve very well my self.

Miss G. And I'll warrant ye, we'll furnish ye then, Pappa, for to oblige you ; I love it very well my self too——I can make a shift, with a new white Rowl, to eat a Lump as big as my Fist in a Morning.

Magg. To oblige me, hugh, there she discovers herself a little : Obligements are the Infant-beginnings of Love, the Seeds of the Soul ; as the Poet *Lucretius* said—[*aside.*] Thank ye, dear Miss, in troth I take it very kindly ; for I do confess I am a mighty Lover of the Conserve, and so was my Father before me. I have heard of a certain Person, in Office about my Brother, the Mayor of *London*, who, as 'tis numerically computed, has, in his Life-time, swallowed some Two and thirty Tun of Custard ; I will not say directly—but Safe's the word, I think I come pretty near him my self in Marmalade.

Miss G. There shall be a hundred Pots more done out of hand then ; for I am resolv'd to please ye ; because you know what you promis'd me, Pappa.

Mag. Hee——poor Rogue ; she has the winningst way with her : What was that, what did I promise, Miss ?

Miss G. Oh—that I should leave off my Bib and Apron, Ivads I should love you very well Pappa ; but that I am asham'd, methinks I look so like a great Fool——my Bib here won't reach

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to my Belly, nor my Apron to my Knees, I am so sprouted up this two last Years, I am Ivads, Pappa.

Magg. Paw, paw, ye are not sprouted up at all, y^e are a meer Child in troth: Why how old do you think you are now? Why, look ye, Gatty, come this *Christmas*, you are but bare Fifteen.

Miss G. Bare Fifteen, — Indeed Pappa—I beg your pardon, that's more than you know.

Magg. Ha, ha, ha — A notable witty Jade grown; but I'll not seem yet to understand her.

Miss G. Besides, bless me, what a great great many Years is Fifteen, for one to wear a nasty Bib and Apron? I'm sure I've read in a Book, that there's a place somewhere, the Women at Fifteen are old enough to be Grand-mothers.

Magg. Ay, that's in the hot *Eastern* Country, the furthest part of the World, where the Weather ripens 'em as soon as it does Flies out of Maggots. In *China*, they say, the Females can no sooner suck themselves, but they are ready to suckle others: But here in our *Northern* Parts, Women don't like Marigolds, unfold as soon as they see the Sun. No, Miss, you must have Patience, Safe's the word, some wiser than some.

Miss G. Oh Law: Indeed, Pappa, I can't have Patience any longer. Come, if you'll let me leave 'em off, you shall see I'll so please ye; I'll sit and sing by your Bed-side a Mornings, and never so much as think of going to that vile, wicked, dirty, stinking Town of *London*: Oh! fogh — igned it makes me keck at the very thought on't; so you'll let me put on a dear Manto and Petticoat, to look handsomely with, only in your sight, Pappa.

Magg. Only in young *Frederick's* sight rather, I believe Gatty. (This tries her.) [aside.]

Miss G. Hee—O Law, he brought my Heart to my Mouth at his very naming him, ivads [aside.] He! What a wicked *London* Rakeshame, a—what de call 'em? a Beau——nay, what's worse, a high Church Tory—and you say, Pappa, that's but one degree from the Devil.

Magg. Ha, ha, ha,——good,——I think I have wrought her finely, the Creature has no Soul but what I infuse into her
Body,

Body,—Well, Miss, this last Expression has so won upon me, that provided you keep your word, you shall dress in New Cloaths, and go to your Unkles with me, where we are invited to Dinner to Day, --- and see, here comes your Kinswoman, I suppose, to inform ye of it—So, Madam *Lucia*, there's your Cousin *Gatty*; I have been distilling new Cordial Principles into her, pray do you confirm 'em—Safe's the word you know—some wiser than some.

[*Exit Mag.*]

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. What, he has been railing at *London*, I warrant, and all good Breeding: Hang him, fusty Magistrate—What, young as you are, you are not such a Fool to believe him, sure.

Miss G. Stay a little, is he gone quite off, [*looks after him*] No, indeed, sweet Cousin, I don't believe one word he says, nor mean one word that I say to him; I only make a Fool of him always, as I have done now, to get off my nasty Bib and Apron; but I'll go and dress like a *London Lady* presently, and in the mean time, what News from that pure sweet Honey-place, dear Cousin? you have promis'd me often to tell me, what they do there.

Lucia. Do there! why they do every thing there that's pleasant,——First, they rattle about all the Morning long, to see Fashions, and drink Chocolate.

Miss G. Oh Law! that's pretty: Oh, I love jumbling in a Coach at my Heart.

Lucia. Then in the Afternoon, they Visit this Lady---Complement that Lady, and Rail at t'other Lady.

Miss G. Good, good, good.

Lucia. Then to the Exchange, then to the Play-House, and then to the Park.

Miss G. The Play-House, oh Law, that's a pure place, I believe: They say, Cousin, a Woman may be married in a Minute's time, at that same Play-House, if she has good Luck.

Lucia. Married, or, as some think, provided for as well, Cousin.

Miss G. Oh dear! and that's all one ivads: Pray go on sweet Cousin, I never was so pleas'd in my Life.

Lucia.

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Lucia. Then to dress in fine Cloaths, see fine Balls, hear fine Musick, drink fine Wine, and eat——

Miss G. No Cole and Bacon, I warrant.

Lucia. Oh fogh! Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, Snipe, Teal, Lark, Wheat-Ears——

Miss G. Oh! hold, hold, hold, dear Cousin, my Mouth waters so, I can't tell what to do.

Lucia. And then the finest, properest, well-shap'd Gentlemen to Court ye.

Miss G. Ah! such as my dear Cousin *Fred.* I warrant, in every Street: Oh heavenly.

Lucia. Oh then, I see he's in your Head still——But now to allay your Mirth a little, what think ye of my Lady's Crying-out, if a Boy comes, tho' I know you are kept in Ignorance as well as I, what Fortunes we are, yet does it not vex you a little?

Miss G. Not at all, ivads; for so my dear Cousin *Fred.* be but kind enough to me, and I may live to see poor, dear, sweet *London*, once before I die; and jumble about, and hear, and see, and eat, and drink, and rail, and complement, and be courted, as you say, I care not a Pin for Fortune: And I'll contrive that Satisfaction I'm resolv'd.

For Park and Play-House, leave lone Groves and Brooks,
And th' odious Caw of Country Daws and Rooks. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir Fumbler brought in, Abram coming after.

Sir Fumb. **W**ELL, the troublesome Hour is over then, thanks to Providence, and the joyful News of a Son and Heir has already blest me, ugh—ugh. I think I am the happiest Father in Christendom: But that my Wife, with

with the Midwife, should remove to cry out in another House, is such a Riddle, that as yet, I confess, I cannot understand.

Abram. This Paper beareth what will reconcile th' Affair to your Honour. [Gives him a Paper.

Sir Fumb. reads.] You cannot but believe, Sir, that the French and Spanish Pretenders you have received into your House, must be very revengeful, finding their Hopes frustrated, --- and as they have already brib'd you to betray your Niece, so perhaps they may, some about us, to poyson your Child,---to secure all therefore, I am at present absconded in a Friend's House, to be forth-coming, when things are a little better secur'd, and you shall think fit to order the Christning.

Careful Creature, ---she overjoys me : Why, this is Reason in the highest Sence---Ugh---and I'll soon rid my self of my Foreigners, i'faith---I have taken my Monsieur's Jewels and Money, ---but what then ? if he accuses me of Bribery, I'll have him up for a French Spy ; I'll trounce him that way, by Queen Elizabeth, ---Oh here they come, go you and wait in the next Room, and be sure stir not from thence. [Exit Abram

Enter Pistole, and Don Tomazo. [and Servants.

Pist. Oh ! Sir Fumbler, now I hope you vil believe vat me say one oder time, me have discover such a ting, such a dam Plot against you, dat is not in de whole Varl begar,---your Lady is gone, vid her Womans, her Mid-Mid-Midnight, a Plague vat de call her,---no Pain, no Shild, no Cry-out, Morbleau, me peep a troo de hole in mine Chambre, and see all, dey pack up de Plate, and de Jewel, and Jernie dey are gone, and have put one confounded Sheat upon you.

Sir Fumb. So, this is as I expected ; I'll play upon the French Fool a little, [aside.] Why ay Monsieur---ugh---the Devil's in these Women, they will be too hard for us one way or other---oh---and troth that Friendly Consideration was one Reason why I disappointed you and your Son there of my Niece ; she would have play'd some skittish Female Trick or other, to have affronted his Spanish Punctilio : And what's Fifty thousand Pounds in Amends for a Punctilio affronted ? ---A Bauble, a Trifle---ugh, ugh---

D. Tom. Sir, I have not liv'd in Spain so long, to fear any Woman's

Woman's tricking of me ; *I* understand Women, Sir, and Intrigue too, *voto* ; *I* have dealt with Dona's and Madona's, who understood the length and breadth of my Punetilio to a hair, Sir. *I* have also been comically concern'd with 'em, *I* have been stow'd up in a Chimny, and smoak'd there two Hours like a piece of Bacon by a Woman. *I* have had a Half-tub whelm'd over me as long, by an amorous Wife, to hide me from the jealous Cornutho, her Husband, who surpriz'd us.

Sir *Fumb.* Very well, my vigorous Don : And can you think it then a wonder, if my Wife in her turn, puts a little Trick upon me ? she has flatted her Belly with an Engine she has contriv'd, *I* warrant, and is gone to dance at some Ball, ha, ha, oh, oh, oh, ha, ha, ha. [laughs, and cries out.

Pist. Hey morbleau, dat is ver pretty, you laugha and you cry, you cry and you laugha, but you have de ver grand reason vor one, dat is to cry Eternelement vor you be so rob, so sheata.

Sir *Fumb.* Oh, oh---ha, ha, ha---Why troth, Monsieur, being agitated by two such prevalent Passions, *I* can't forbear,---ha, ha, when *I* think what an advantage half Fifty thousand Guineas would have been to you, to send into *France*, to Coyn into Pistoles ; and when *I* think on the loss of so hopeful a Project, then *I* cry out, and roar---oh, oh---

D. Tom. Tell him, Father, that's more than his fine Lady has done for his Son and Heir---you may take that also upon my *voto*, Seignior.

Pist. Hee, hee, hee, ver good, ver good, Don *Tomaz*, ver sharp dat.

Sir *Fumb.* But when *I* think of the *Spanish* Hopes being disappointed, the other part of the Money being to be laid out in our Wool here,---ha, ha, ha, and for vast underhand Profit to be convey'd into *Spain*, ha, ha,---contrary to the Queen's Prohibition and Proclamation of War, then in spite of Pain---*I* laugh---ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pist. Jernie, vat is all dis ? Are you stark mad, Sir *Fumbler* ? Vil you no believe me ?

Sir *Fumb.* Believe ye, Monsieur ! What that my Wife has left the House ? Yes, Faith, *I* do believe ye with as much Certainty---as that the King of *France* shall never be an Emperor.

D. Tom.

D. Tom. And that your Lady has brought ye no true born English Babe, but chow'd ye with a Turkey-work Cushion.

Sir Fumb. And that my Lady has as certainly a true born English Babe, as at present your new King has the Spanish Crown, and consequently a better Title to the Fifty thousand Pounds by a great deal; and if I prophesie right, will possess it much longer.

Pist. Mad, mad, stark mad, Morbleau! — vel, hark you, Monsieur *Sir Fumbler*, if you no perform your Promise about your Niece, me hope you vill be so generous to refund de present of Gold and Jewel dat me have delivera.

Sir Fumb. Not one Cross nor Spark, Monsieur, I am your private Council you know, and am resolv'd to exact good Fees.

D. Tom. Voto, we shall get you into *Westminster* Hall, Signior.

Sir Fumb. You shall get me as soon into the Inquisition, Signior; in short, the Purport of the Will gives the next Heir of mine born and christned the aforesaid Estate; now that such an Heir is born in spite of all the twelve Peers of *France*, or the *Don Rodriques* of *Castile*, I do averr, and that he shall be christned within few Hours, you, my noble Friends and Inmates, shall be Witnesse; for I will invite the adjacent Counties to be Spectators of my Joy; nay, not only them, but our two antagonist Nations *France* and *Spain* should be welcom on this occasion.

Pist. Begar dis is ver fine, you owe no Law, no Honour, no Justice, you have no Shild, Morbleau, yet you take my Present, and break your Promise, but me shall find de Friend, *Sir Fumbler*, to force you to make me de reason; vat a diable, you shall no bully every ting, you have no French Garison in your House, — hah, vat tink you *Maitre Mayor*, is dis de French Garison.

Enter Maggothead frightened and Abram.

Magg. A French Garison, — Ods pretious! I believe it is, for yonder are a Troop of arm'd Redcoats at the Gate, that make it look somewhat like one; they made a Lane for me to pass by, but a party of 'em have ravish'd away your Niece and Daughter from me, and carried them into the Parlor, where the Cloth's laid; ods pretious, Safe's the Word, but 'tis such a Riddle I can't tell what to make on.

Abram. By this swarm of Locusts there must be some horrible Plot, affirmatively.

Sir Fumb. Humh, what says he, a Troop of Redcoats, my House is not mistaken for an Inn sure, and these Vermin this War time come to quarter upon me. Hey *Roger* — *George* — come, and trundle me to this strange sight, the dozing Mayor drunk too much Broom-Ale last Night, sure, has had a Dream this Morning, and is not yet well out on't.

[*Exit Sir Fumbler.*

D. Tom. If they are Redcoats 'tis indeed a Riddle yet unfolded, but if they had been blew, I could easily have solv'd it by a private Letter receiv'd from abroad.

Pist. De blew be de French Colour, and dat would ma foy have signifie some grand Affair.

Magg. Why verily my Eyes were so dazled with the Brass Hilts of the Soldiers Weapons, and I was also in such a Fright, that I may mistake, and their Coats may be blew for ought I know; — but good Signior, what if they were, what Secret do you know by that, I beseech ye.

D. Tom. Why then they are a Party of French Privateers, and a strong Body of them you may depend upon't have taken *Portsmouth*.

Magg. Ods pretious, *Portsmouth*, one of the strongest Places in the Kingdom, as I live, and I think 'twas in the News they took *Guernsey* and *Fersey* some time ago; why this is the Fruits now of proclaiming War, I was against it all along; I warrant they'll go on strait now to *London*, and it may be take the Tower, if they are not stop't by the valiant Train Bands.

D. Tom. You say they were Redcoats, and then perhaps they may be of our own side.

Magg. No, no, on my Conscience they were blew, my Fear tells me so; but they might be black for ought I know, for I hurried through 'em as if a Cannon had bin firing at my Backside; I never saw whether they had any Faces on or no.

Pist. Ah, Maitre Mayor, dis-be ver bad News vor you, me tell you dat, for de French love Monarchy, and always hang de Republican up by de Heel alive.

Magg. Ods pretious, and *Coventry* is but a little way off neither; but come, I can turn, I can turn, a Common-wealth's Man is not so stiff neither,

But when he's forc'd he can comply,
And drink a Health to Monarchy,
And, Monsieur, so ifaik can I.

[*Noise within.*

What, Safe's my Word still, some wiser than some.

D. Tom. There's a great Noise without, if after our Raillery these should be Thieves, and come to rob us — *voto*, 'twould make but an ill end of the Jest. Come Father, let's see what the matter is.

Pist. Alez mon fils — along donc. [*As they are going out they are met by Bom. Jowler, Touch-hole, Crimp, disguis'd, who seize them and exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Frederick, Queenlove, and Combwig disguis'd, with Miss dress'd modishly, and Lucia.

Fred. And that you should not be frighted, Sister, nor you, my dear pretty Cousin, we have taken this opportunity to balk your Guardian, and discover our selves to you, and plot upon my Father, which is only to search his House, and get a sight of the Will.

Queen. Which may be of material Consequence to both of ye, since neither know your Fortunes, nor what ye may be wrong'd of when your Father pleases to be out of Humour.

Lucia. I vow, Brother, methinks 'tis a very odd method you have
* taken

taken, for I swear I was terribly frightened at first, and I'm sure so is my Father to th' extreme, for he thinks of nothing but that 'tis a Robbery.

Fred. No Faith, tho' he deserves it from me; all that I'll rob him of shall be a fight of the Will, a Kiss from my pretty Cousin here, and to know what weight she bears.

Miss. Oh! Lord, he hugs me so close I can't have liberty to look upon my self a little in my new Dress. [*Looking on her self.*] Well ivads 'tis pure in Fashion; nay, Cousin *Fred*, not that I was so much frightened, Cousin *Fred*, I an't such a Baby to be afraid of a Man; but good me, Cousin *Fred*, that you should do such a thing to kiss me, Cousin *Fred*, — O law 'tis huge pretty; well, I swear I'm a Woman now, let them say what they will.

Fred. A Woman, ay, every Inch of thee; what would they persuade thee thou art a Child still, my dear sweet Cousin *Gatty*?

Miss. Ah! dear sweet Cousin *Fred*, yes indeed.

Lucia. She's as pleas'd with her new Clothes, as a Lapdog of his Collar and Bells.

Queen. Ay, and not a little pleas'd with this Liberty from her Jaylor now. *Combwig*, is all manag'd as it should be?

Fred. Where's my Father and the two Inmates.

Comb. In the next Room, Sir, all in a profound Fright, and amaz'd to think what will be the end of the matter; they are all bound and pinion'd except the old Knight, and his Gout does that for him naturally; so that you may prepare for the Search when you please, for most of the Servants are employ'd abroad to get things ready for the Christning.

Fred. No Faith, we'll dine with him first, come *Will* let's go and contrive it to be done with Ceremony; they are all to speak French Giberish the better to pass unknown; for your part, Ladies, you have your Kews already; and, Sister, be it your particular Care to keep *Miss* in order, that her over acted Joy discover nothing.

Queen. I'll do what I can to make ye sensible of your Fortune now, Madam; I have already, to shew ye a faithful Lover. [*Exeunt.*]

Miss. Oh good! what a vexatious thing 'tis, that one can't see one's self round; oh, here's a Glass. [*Curtseys to the Glass.*] Your Servant, dear Mrs. *Gatty*, your Servant, your Servant; — pray Cousin how d'ye like the Silk of my Manto, is it not a charming one? and my Head here, sweet Cousin, is it not a pure crumptious Head? and my Petticoat and my Furbeloe here, and my Furbiloe here, and here, and here? oh, good, well 'tis so pretty, sure one can't be too much furbilod.

Lucia. Ha, ha, but your Admiration comes a little of the latest now, Cousin; for 'tis almost quite out of Fashion.

Miss. What, you wont make me believe that; I gave our Taylor by the by a Token Crown piece in broad Gold, and a Coronation Medal, to make it in the newest Fashion he could, and I'm sure he would not cheat me; for he's the honestest Man, and that he's a pure Woman's Taylor Ivads, I think you may see by me, here's a Shape for ye, Cousin

[*Gatty jets about.*]

Lucia. 'Twas

Lucia. 'Twas tolerable once indeed, but truly Miss you have lately cram'd your self so with Eggs and Milk, to make ye look a great Girl, that ye have almost spoil'd it.

Miss. Oh Lord, if she were older I should swear she was a Witch ivads. [*Aside.*] For I confess I did so hate my Bib and Apron, that I would have swallow'd Poison if I thought 'twould have swell'd me bigger; but pray now Cousin tell me, is my Rump ruffled enough, there's the main thing, ivads? Hah, methinks I han't half Folds enough to make me look great and bouncing, — ah, if I an't *swingingly* ruffled about the Rump, I would not give a half penny for all.

Lucia. Why then if that will confirm the Taylor's Credit with ye, I swear he has not stinted ye, for ye bear Sail enough for any Man of War in *Christendom*.

Sir Fumbler is trundled in by Jowler and Touch-hole disguis'd.

Miss. Oh good, my Uncle! What will my Cousin *Fred* do to me now I wonder? but let him do what he will, I won't discover any thing I'm resolv'd.

Sir Fumb. What d'ye mean by this, Gent. where are my Servants, — what are you Friend, hah? [*Looking surpriz'dly at Jowler.*]

Jowler. Je suis une home du Guer, Monsieur.

Sir Fumb. Ay, what that is now old Nick may tell ye for me; and you, Sir? [*To Touch-hole.*]

Touch. Je suis une Capitain, Morbleau.

Sir Fumb. It must be so, they're some of the French Privateers got on Shore, and most certainly come to rob me, oh! oh! a Capitain! good, all the Thieves in *Europe* call themselves Capitains now a days, oh!

Lucia, how d'ye, Sir, would I could help ye. [*Seems to weep.*]

Miss. Or I either, oh! would my Cousin *Fred* were here Unkle. [*Seems to weep.*]

Lucia. Hush, have a care what you say. [*Joggs her.*] The Girl's Head runs so upon her Cousin *Fred*, she'll certainly discover something.

Sir Fumb. Poor Jades, they are so concern'd for me, they're insensible of their own Danger, — for here's no Security against Ravishment that I see, and this French Capitain looks like no great Doctor in Humanity, — here comes the whole Cavalcade too, hah, and my Dinner serv'd in by the Devil knows who; oh! however 'twas well my Wife luckily dispos'd of my Plate and Jewels before they came, I was unwilling then, but now am glad on't.

Enter Bombard, Hookem, Crimp, Butler with Dishes, and place them on the Table, Combwig with a Cabinet; Pistole, D. Tomazo, Maggothead, and Abram bound and pinion'd, then Queenlove and Frederick, Combwig whispers him.

Comb. Here's the Cabinet, Sir, which I found in the Closet, where Madam *Lucia* directed me; so we must only make him discover where the Key is, and then you have your Desire.

Fred. Oh! prithee do thou go and fright him out on't, whilst I manage the rest: I see he has his Eye upon't already, along, Messires. *Alleyez*

Assenez si vous plais, unbind that old Rascal there, and let him wait.

Sir Fumb. Hah! the Cabinet where the Will and all my Writings are; oh! oh! Confusion if they rob me of that, I'm undone for ever.

Fred takes Miss Gatty, and Queenlove Lucia, and sit down at Table with the rest, and eat and drink, — they make Abram wait.

D. Tom. They are very hungry sure, that they can spare so much time, and venture their Necks for a Dinner.

Pist. Ecote, mon fils, dey are de French I find, vor all dey have de red-Coat, — me vill discovera my self to dem, and get Favour.

Magg. Oh! the Inflexibility of human things, I am in my degree now Mayor of *Coventry*, and yet for an odd Word, instead of punishing these Varlets may be ty'd Neck and Heels my self; *O tempora! O mores!* but come, Safe's the Word, 'tis past doubt, Friend *Abram*, this must be for Miss *Gatty*, they have smelt out the Heiress, and the Money, most certainly: they took all, like Fortune hunting Rogues. [To Pistole.

Abram. Yes, yes, Money will not long lie hid in any place, the very dead themselves, tho' they can spend none on't, will rise agen from their Graves to discover their Money, — affirmatively, oh! [Queenlove whispers him, he gives him a Glass.

Queen. Along, Bouger donez moy a Boire Monsieur a vot; [To Sir Fumb. Sante, mon Amy Beve & baise vot Metresse. [To Fred. kissing Lucia.

Fred. De tout mon cœur, along Messires baise les tout. [The rest kiss 'em.

Sir Fumb. Oh! oh! oh! can Flesh and Blood bear this? Monsieur *Pistole*, you can speak their Language, tell 'em, I hope they are so much Men, they will not wrong the Ladies; and say withal, that I am sorry they find me out of Money to supply their Want, ugh, ugh, confound 'em. [Aside.

Comb. Look you, Sire, me can speaka de English a leetle, and assure you de Ladie and all here shall be ravish and Murdre, if you no give de Key vor open dis Cabinet presantlee.

Sir Fumb. Oh! the Devil, this is what I fear'd, this is a worse twitch than the Gout a thousand times; alas, Sir, there is nothing there but old Papers, the Key can be of no value to you, oh! oh!

Comb. Oh! Sire, dere be some old Parchment or oder for maka de Kite for fly, de French love extremement for fly de Kite, derefore de Key, de Key, or we vill so ravish, so burn, so plundera.

Sir Fumb. Oh! was ever Man so tortur'd?

Miss. Well, ivads, this is a pure Frolick, oh good, how my Uncle looks.

Lucia. If you don't put the old Gentleman out of Pain quickly, my Pity will discover all.

Queen. Oh! Silence, dear sweet, for Heaven's sake, he'll be dispatcht immediately.

Fred. *Combwig* I believe has manag'd him by this time.

Comb. In short den, Sire, not to wait time any longer, I must not only have de Key, but know de Story of your Niece, and de whole Truth upon your Oat: vor to be plain, dat is de main cause of our coming, vish if you deny, or tell false, here be dose vill maka no more to cut your Trote, begar den to snapa dere Finger.

Sir Fumb. Oh! bloody French Bougre, oh! my Stars, well I see 'tis invain

to resist their Malignity; I find too this is all my Villain Son's Contrivance to rob me, and seize my Writings, tho his hopes will be ne'er the sooner compass'd, unless the Child were unborn: Pray let me consider a little, humh, [*Patos.*] Now Fortune befriend me; well, Sir, since the Secret must out, I beseech ye let not so many be partakers, desire the rest to withdraw, and to you alone, who are, I see, their Manager, the whole shall be discover'd.

Comb. Oh! dat me vill ingage vid all mine Heart. [*Comb. whispers all.* Look you Sire, de say dey are all willing to go out for give you Satisfaction.

Sir Fumb. Why then, Sir, the Key lies in one of the China Dishes upon the Scrutore above in my Chamber, or else among my Linen in the Chest of Drawers; my Daughter can shew you the place, please to fetch it, Sir, and then, ——— what you must know, you must know.

Comb. Ver goot, in de mean time, me vill trust de Gout with your keeping, and de Cabinet, --- along Messires.

Miss. Oh law, Uncle, will you let this strange French Creature devour me, --- ivads I shall laugh out. [*Aside*] [*Exeunt all the disguis'd but Combwig.*

Sir Fumb. Devour her, Od would that Morsel would serve turn, but these Sharpers won't be contented with a Virgin Pullet, without golden Sawce to't, a pox take 'em.

Pist. Ecote mon amy, we are both of de same Country, and to telle you one Secret, I am here de Spy, and serve our grand Monarch in his pollitique Affaire, if you vil unbind me and my Son Don Tomaz here, we will manage de Secret vid one anoder, and de Riches and Honour begar from France and Spain shall be at our Service.

Comb. Here's a rare French Rogue for ye, and passes for a Protestant Refugee, I warrant him; this Discovery is worth something however: Hah, Poltroon Coquin, vat share mine Plunder, begar de Frenchman love himself too well vor dat, dat be de Trick of de Dush and German Fool, along Bougre. [*Strikes him.*

Pist. Begar dis be de bad Omen, me have observa dat de French Politique vill no take effect as formerly; Diable vat is de meaning of dis!

Magg. Oh tempora! oh mores! I say agen; well, I am Mayor of Coventry still, and must demonstrate Wisdom by Patience; but Friend, if it could but enter into thee who I am ———

Comb. Aw, Fanatick Bougre, me know you ver well, ——— along Poltron.

[*Strikes him.*] [*Exeunt.*

Magg. Oh! tempora! oh mores!

Sir Fumb. solus.] They are gone at last, and have left me alone, as I cunningly contriv'd, --- Death! what an Agony and Fright have the Villains put me into, but yet should not succeed in their damn'd Enterprize for all their Subtilty, if my Nerves, Joints and Limbs ——— Oh! so long resty with my Distemper, would but take the Vigor my Soul could lend 'em in this extreme Crisis of my Life; for I have one Secret yet unknown, which has unavoidable Power to frustrate all their Designs; for lately purchasing this House and Estate, they told me it had belong'd for some hundred Years to a strict Family of Roman Catholicks, and withal shew'd me a secret Trap-door in this very Room, opening a large Vault which led from thence into the Garden, where in the late Popish Plot time they us'd to stow their Priests in Days of Search and Danger; I having private Knowledge of this, us'd many times to play Tricks with

with Guests and Relations, often vanishing away when they left me alone, and so got, from many that could not imagin my secret Conveyance, the Name of a Conjuror, they believing really I dealt with the Devil: humh, what a glorious piece of Conjuratation would this be now, as my Case stands! there's the Cabinet left as if it dared me to a Trial; within it, Writings worth near a hundred thousand Pounds, which, if I stay, are a certain Prey to these Robbers; the Loss of which, besides the present venture of my Throat's cutting, if I refuse to tell them my Niece's Story, will be my Death infallibly. By your Leave, Gout then; and Limbs, let me now see, how far the Spirit of Fear can animate ye. [*Rowses a little.*] I have known in distress of Fire and such Dangers, the Bedrid have found Strength enough to relieve themselves by running away; my Fright, Loss and Danger equals any, let's see therefore what Despair can do; hark, they'r coming, now, now's the time, or never. [*Tumbles about till he gets the Cabinet, and to the Trap.*] So, here's the Cabinet, here's the Key, and here's the Trapdoor; hold, the Window, I see, is open already, and a Word or two with my Pencil left on Paper will amuse 'em the more. [*Writes.*] And so my sweet fappated Son, with your Crew of polittick plotting Puppies, I think ye are out plotted now; for you must pull up the Floor if you'll follow me. [*Exit with the Cabinet down the Vault.*]

Re-enter Combwig.

Comb. Come, Come, dis Trick vill no do, Mounseieur, dere be no Key, — how now, where the Devil is he, what the Cabinet gone too, oh! they have got him into the next Room, I suppose, for better Security; hey Messires, along, bring him in, dis be de ver dam Trick begar.

Re-enter Frederick, Queenlove, Bombard, Lucia, Miss Gatty, Hookem, Crimp, Jowler, Touch-hole.

Queen. Well, choice Lad, what says the old Fobus?

Bomb. Ay Boy, what says the old Fobus? [*Fred and the rest stare.*]

Hook. Ay, what says the old Fobus? [*about, and Combwig at them.*]

Comb. Why, what can the old Fobus say?

Crimp. Ay, what can the old Fobus say?

Jowl. Ay, what can he say?

Comb. He put a plaguy sly Trick upon me, there's no Key above.

Queen. A Trick upon thee!

Bomb. A Trick upon thee!

Jowl. A sly Trick.

Crimp. A Trick..

Hook. A Trick.

Fred. But where is he, Rascal?

Queen. Ay, where is he?

Bomb. Ay, where the Devil is he?

Comb. Why, where the Devil is he, I ask you? I left him here in a plaguy Fright, with the Cabinet.

Lucia. He has not been with us.

Miss. Nor the Cabinet neither, oh law!

Comb. No. [*Omnes.*] No.

Fred. Why sure this Rogue has not melted my Father away in a Fright, and the Cabinet too, here are no such Signs.

Comb. I am

Comb. I am amaz'd, confounded. Why Gent. as this is my Head on, I left 'em both here within this two Minutes.

Lucia. Here's a Paper on the Floor, let's see what's in't. [*Takes the Paper.*]

Miss. Succ-Succ-cour, sup-fuggar Sops. [*Gatty looks in't with her.*]

Fred. Pish, what is't. [*Reads.*]

Succour, suppos'd, by Magick Speed,

Has helpt me off in time of need.

Oh! 'tis plain now, the old Gentleman's flown out of the Window, and has carried the Cabinet with him as lightly as a Carrier Pigeon do's a Letter in *Turkey*.

Miss. Oh law! and that may be, I vow; for now I think on't, I have heard he has conjured himself out of the House, a many times.

Queen. I know not whither he can make himself Conjurer or no, but he has made Fools of us I'm sure.

Fred. If I find her worth 50000*l.* Will, wilt thou be reasonable and take half now for thy fine Plot. [*Ironically to Queenlove.*]

Queen. Why Faith, that may chance to be somewhat too much, for as the Case now doubtfully stands, *Fred.* I question whether thou canst spare so much out of her Fortune.

Bomb. Fortune! dam her and all her Fondlings, I have found her a Whore all along.

Fowl. Why this is a plaguy balk, Gent.

Omnes. Ay, 'tis so, a damnable balk. [*All fretting about.*]

Maggothead within.] Off with the Hinges, there's but one Door more, she's within there, — *Miss Gatty, Miss Gatty, Child, Child.*

Miss. Oh! the Dewce take your bawling Chops, what will become of me now.

Fred. Ah, Custard choak him, 'tis the musty Mayor, he has had help some way or other, and is got loose, 'dslife, we have no time to contrive neither, but one Kiss then, dear Creature, and so down to the Back-door and disperse immediately.

Queen. Only this now, but the next Opportunity, I hope, will fix your Resolve, till when adieu, dear Angel. [*Kiss and exeunt.*]

Lucia. Well, I swear, this Accident puzzles me strangely, how should he get away?

Miss. Nay, by the Devil's help no doubt on't, that old Carrier of Cuckolds, ivads, has gallop'd him off, I'm sure; but that does not trouble me half so much as to leave my dear sweet Cousin *Fred* so suddenly, to go to my old stinking Guardian yonder. [*Weeps.*]

Yet tho' that makes me cry this makes me sing,

The Bib and Apron's gone, that's one good thing.

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Oldmode dress'd fashionably, and Probleme.

Lady. **W**Hat, they are fretting yonder still, *Probleme*, the Miscarriage of this Plot upon his Father has put the Spark terribly out of

Prob. Ay, Madam, and burn me like a Toast, if 'twould not make one almost die with laughing, to see how they scratch their Heads; and what Faces they make, especially the bluff Major, and the other Country Puts; the Major has broke his Sword to the Hilt, with clashing it against the Walls for Mad-ness; the Fisher has spoil'd his Angling-Rod, and the Dog-lover crack'd and quite demolish'd his best hunting Horn.

Lady. Well, I'm resolv'd they shan't yet know the Turn of their good Fortune; I'll rally my young Rover a little more first.

Prob. Play with him a little, Madam, as a Cat does with a Mouse; he will go down the sweeter at last. Here they come, I'll get out of the way for fear of cross Questions. [Exit Prob.]

Enter Frederick, Queenlove, Bombard, Crimp, Jowler, Hookem undisguis'd, with Touch-hole.

Fred. Nay, nay, this Plot faith, *Will*, must do, it looks with a good Face, therefore if ever thou wilt assist me, do it now friendly; thine, as Fate will have it, has been unsuccessful, now thou shalt see what mine will do.

Queen. Well, I'll do what I can to banter my Common-wealths-man for thee, and will also send the Letter to him, as thou hast contriv'd it, tho' faith I consent but with half a good Will; if we were sure of her Fortune, I should go briskly about the Business, but this meer Whoring, without the warrant of Honour or the Pleasure of Profit, why how dost thou think I can answer it to my Conscience?

Fred. Oh! Friendship must balance that; besides, prithee hope the best still, things may fall out better than we imagine; however, I'm resolv'd to put it to the venture, but no more, here's my Lady.

Lady. What, in the Dumps still, Sir, is this the best Air you can put on to entertain a Lady that honours ye with a kind Visit? 'Tis well enough indeed for a Mother-in-Law, but for a Mistress, and one newly brought to Bed you know too, ha, ha, ha, unless the Word Stale be put in to spoil the Jest, 'tis a little unaccountable.

Fred. Oh! you shall find it otherwise, Madam, immediately, nothing shall appear in my Humour but what is concurrent with yours, and proper to express my Thanks for this last well acted Scene of your Wit and Kindness, which I swear, Madam, I must own were perform'd to a Miracle.

Lady. And why is this stiff formal Word of Madam us'd so much then, pray Sir? I grant, before your Father 'twere proper enough; but, dear *Fred*, since I was intended to be nearer related to thee, than the Title of Mother-in-Law can make me, let me have the old lov'd Name of *Celia* I us'd to have.

Fred. Why then *Celia*, the witty and the charming thou shalt be always, my Friend here knows I drink thy Health by that Name every Night devoutly.

Queen. 'Tis very true, Madam, I must do him Justice in that point.

Fred. Nor pray don't think my Appetite so squeamish, that 'tis to be pall'd, by having a good Dish I have lov'd over agen; no, no, for my part I think Repetition of what one likes, as pleasant as Expectation of a Novelty, and the Restorative of I may have, equal to the Provocative of I would have.

Lady. Oh! pardon me, Sir, you Men are generally of quite another Opinion, you always love best the things hardest to be got; and your right Lover like your right Fox-hunter, delights in the Difficulty of the Chace not in the Game it self.

Queen. Fatigue, Madam, with some sort of Lovers, indeed is the only way to improve Delight; but 'tis certainly always as Appetite sways, and if so, I never knew the customary Rather go down the worse, because it was easie to be got, and ready at hand. *[Enter Butler with Wine.]*

Fred. Put the Burgundy round there, Gent. pray sit down and try if you can drive away Sorrow, for our late Miscarriage, with a Bumper or two, I'll come and thank ye with a Glass my self presently. *[Fred is courting and toying with Lady Oldmode.]*

Fowler. With all my Heart, I han't had Prosperity to the New House to Day, come along, Major, let's tope.

Bomb. Well, prithee tope if thou wilt, — admirable Companions these.

Hook. Ay, and let the Old House sink to the Dogs, come let's tope.

Omnes. Ay, ay, the New House, the New House, come on my Lads.

Enter Combwig hastily.

[They sit down to drink.]

Comb. Sir, I know I shall surprize ye, but may I never powder peruke more, if your Father be not below in the Hall, with the French Merchant, — the Groom is pulling off their Boots.

Fred. How now, Impertinence, what's that you say? *[Turning a little to him.]*

Comb. Your Father, as I live, Sir, below, — just come in.

Fred. What the Devil, art thou mad?

[Looking frowningly.]

Lady. Pshaw, 'tis impossible, he has not stirr'd Hand nor Foot this 12 Month.

Comb. For all that, 'tis certainly he, Sir; peep down Stairs here, you may see him. *[Fred looks down.]*

Fred. 'Tis he, or the Devil in his Shape, by this Hand.

Queen. He! why he's crippled, he can't move.

Comb. Sir, it proves otherwise, I made shift to pump just a word or two from his Man, who told me a late Fright he had, together with an extraordinary new Medicine he took last Night, had drove away the Gout to such a degree, that he had got his Limbs agen; he's in a damnable Fret too, hark ye, Sir, he's coming up Stairs.

Lady. Ods Life, and no Closet, nor no Place for me to hide my self in, what shall I do?

Fred. Nay faith, you must e'en make the best of a bad Matter now, and buff it out; you may easily out-face him in that Dress: I'll call ye Cousin, — d'ye hear, Gent. my Father's below, he conjured himself lately out of the Window, you know, and now I suppose the same Devil has hors'd him hither; however keep your Countenances, and this is my Cousin, d'ye hear?

Bomb. She shall be my Cousin too, if she pleases, let him conjure old Nick to say the contrary.

Queen. Faith, I shall believe the old Fellow rides Post with Satan in good earnest, — here! and come on Horseback!

Fred. Now the Gravity of a reforming Presbyter, the Confidence of a well brib'd Lawyer, and the Hypocrisie of a young buxom Widow assist me.

[Enter Sir Fumbler antiquely dress'd, and Pistole.]

What do I see! my Father! and able to come abroad too? This is an Honour too great for my hopes, your Blessing, Sir. *[Kneels.]*

Sir Fumb. Ah! plague, — but I will contain my self, Blessing! yes, yes, you will have Blessings, you will force Blessings, Sir, a Cabinet full at a time,

had

had not my good Angel over-rul'd: Why, thou Villain, thou Reprobate, how dar'st thou look me in the Face, after what was done Yesterday?

Fred. Why, what was done Yesterday, Sir? For my part, I was not out of my Doors, I was at home all Day a drinking, as my Cousin here, and these can witness. [*Sir Fumbler and Lady stare at one another.*]

Touch. Ay, Sir, we were all here drinking Prosperity to the New House; we never stirr'd, we!

Omnes. No, Sir, we never stirr'd, we!

Bomb. Here are Church Protestants of this Reign for ye, how the Rogues catch the Lye at the first rebound. [*To Pistole.*] Sir, will you please to drink a Glas here. I'll see if this Monsieur have any Honour in him. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fumb. Hah! who's yonder, my Eyes dazzle sure?

Pist. Hugh, Begar it be she. [*Foggs Sir Fumbler, and prints to Lady.*]

Sir Fumb. The Devil it is! — but yet can there be two Faces so alike: Death! but that I know my Wife to be in Bed, and I'm sure at this very moment brooding over her new-born Kidd, and that 'tis impossible to be otherwise, I should swear 'twere she, the very she.

Pist. She, She, and Morbleau, 'tis she, me vill go and pump more out of dem yonder. [*goes and sits down with the Drinkers.*]

Lady. The Gentleman likes me, I believe, Cousin; pray, old Sir, look agen, I'll turn me round, how d'ye fancy my Dress, 'tis the right London new Mode, which I love dearly: oh gad! I would not be out of the new Mode one Day for more than I'll speak of.

Sir Fumb. Oh! nay then I'll swear 'tis none of her, her Love of the new Mode has confirm'd me; but that plaguy roguish leet agen there, is so much the same; why two golden Medals of Queen Elizabeth are not so like.

Lady. Well, Sir, does the Object please ye, I hope my Clothes are becoming, which are more than yours are, methinks; oh frightful! what a Garb is there, prithee, Cousin, who is this piece of Antiquity, he looks just like some monstrous Bird sent from some remote Country, the farther end of the World, to be shewn here as a Rarity.

Queen. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Fumb. Does he so, 'tis very queintly observ'd, your fluttering Ladyship shews like a Bird of a more modern Climate, you do, in troth, Cousin: Tho' this be a Stranger Relation, Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to claim, in right of you. [*To Fred.*]

Fred. Ay, with all my Heart, Sir, all my Relations are at your Service, you can marry no more of 'em, that's my Comfort.

Sir Fumb. Ah! — cutting! — Dog!

Lady. I swear he shall change his Dress then, I'll be no Kin to him else.

Queen. Ay, that's but reasonable, faith, Madam.

Lady. In that odious Ruff there he'll be taken for some antique wooden Figure, to be set up at the end of a Hall; I shall be laughed at as I go along the Streets with him.

Queen. How he stares at her, and in what Confusion, — why this is a perfect Comedy. [*Aside to Fred.*]

Sir Fumb. The very same ton'd Voice too; but then her dislike of my Dress confirms me, this must be some lewd London Gimcrack, some Play-house

haunting Cousin; they may well be Cousins, when every one of 'em is related to the whole Town; hah, and what a Crew of Rakehells he has got together toping yonder! but let 'em tope and be damn'd; now to the Business of my coming hither, d'ye hear, Sir? This it seems is call'd the New House, very good, the House may be new, but the old Acres will be melted away quickly faith; and to put you out of all hopes of more from me, or success in farther Projects about the Will, tho' 'tis proper, you ungratious Wretch, you deny your Knowledge in the intended Robbery Yesterday, for fear of the Law, — heark in your Ear. *[They whisper.]*

Fowl. Sir, I am an Englishman, and wont hear my Nation bely'd; Sir, I love a good Pack of Dogs, I serve my Country, and pay swinging Taxes without grumbling; and dare you spread abroad such a scandalous thing, as to say the French have taken *Portsmouth*? Sir, you are a Scoundrel.

Pist. Ecote, Ecote, me no say dey have, me say, dey will taka dat, and all oder Place, if one ting chance; hah, Morbleau, me say dat, and you be de Scoundrell too. *[Offers to fight in heat.]*

Omnes. Come, come, no quarrelling, no quarrelling.

Hook. Hark'ye *Touch-hole*, do you take hold of stubborn *England*, whilst I pull hot-headed *France* here back by the Ears. *[They part 'em.]*

Bomb. This Fellow is all flash, flutter, and talk, therefore incapable of any Trust from me; I have found him out already. *[Aside.]*

Crimp. I but when, Monsieur, will the French do this?

Pist. When, begar, when dey be able, when dey have deir Advantage, Jernie de French be wise People, when de Army be upon de Square, dey lie snug and tame as de Lamb; but if dey recruite and have de Advantage, den begar dey fall on like de Lion.

Touch. Ay, that's true indeed.

Queen. Dsife, that I had but a familiar for one Hour, to obey my Commands, and balk that old Knight's Humour a little; for I know he plays the Tyrant with poor *Fred* yonder.

Lady. Ay, but you shall see his Reign at an end very quickly, take my Word, Sir.

Fred. Well, well, Sir, if you resolve to be so unnatural, there's no more to be said; there may yet chance to come a time.

Sir Fumb. What, when your fine Plots shall take effect, Sir, when you shall have the Will in your Possession; ha, ha, ha, ha, No, no, Fool, that shall never be whilst I can conjure and fly out of a Window to secure it.

Lady. But what if he should conjure too, old Gentleman, Cousin, I mean.

Sir Fumb. Why if he can conjure the Will out of my Cabinet at home and lay it upon this Table, why then this Purse here, with 200 Guineas in't, and Notes for eight hundred more, I will before Witness here give you, to buy more kickshaw Dresses with: Cousin, ha, ha, ha, he conjure!

Fred. If ever one would wish to go to the Devil for a Spell, he could not be more tempted than now.

Lady. Hark ye, Sir, *[Taking Fred aside.]* The Secret being now ripe, which you had known sooner had not they interrupted — To shew ye I was design'd for your better Genius, and not to defer your good Luck any longer, here is the Will.

[Gives him a Parchment]
Fred. Hah!

Fred. Hah! what say'st thou, Angel?

[Eagerly.]

Lady. The Will, Sir, he gave it me two Days since to read, and I never put it into the Cabinet since; 'tis the very Will you may depend on't.

Fred. What, the very, very, very, very Will, is't possible? Oh! thou charming, dear, sweet, heavenly —

[Kneels transported and embraces her.]

Sir Fumb. The Fool's asking her Blessing; ha, ha, I believe he takes her for his Mother-in-Law indeed.

Lady. Smother your Surprise, and keep your Countenance, let's try if we can snap him in the Wager. [Apart.] What, Cousin, have you no Skill in Magick then, methinks a young Gentleman should never fail of raising a Spirit to oblige a Lady.

Sir Fumb. No certainly, and what a Wardrobe of Cocking-heads, bumble-tail'd Manto's and furbilo'd Petticoats, will a thousand Pounds buy, — hah, what says your *Mephistophilus*, will he bring it, here's the Money ready.

[Lays it down.]

Fred. Faith and *Mephistophilus*, I thank him, as readily has brought it, there's the Will.

[Lays it down.]

Lady. Ay, and my Pocket is as ready for the Purse here, nay, 'tis so old Gentleman, by Queen Elizabeth.

[Snatches up the Purse.]

Sir Fumb. What's so, what's so, what Will, what Will? Offers to take

[back the Purse, all binder.]

Fred. What Will, why the very Will, Sir, my Uncle's Will, read it *Queenlove*.

Lady. Yes Sir, the very Will, what d'ye think a young Fellow can't conjure for a Lady as well as an old? that's a good Jest indeed.

Pist. Begar it is ver true, dat be Sir *Lionell's* Hand me vull swear.

Omnes. Ay, ay, his Hand it is, it must be his Hand.

[Looking on't.]

Bomb. Good agen, these Knights of the Post will give him no occasion to hire 'em.

Sir Fumb. Why ye Cheats, Wizards, Pickpockets, Death, will ye make me mad! is not the Will safe lock'd up in my Cabinet at home, and has not my Wife the Key?

Fred. No, I and my Friend *Mephistophilus* have conjur'd it out, I tell ye, and there 'tis, — come read Will, — leave nomine dominys, and let my good Uncle's Soul and Body rest where 'tis proper; come to the Solids, quick, quick, here, here, dear Rogue, — *Item, Item, Item*, oh! here, here, *Item*, I give and bequeath to my Nephew *Frederick Oldmode*, I, here I am, faith, let's see, one, one, one, one *Jacobus* broad Piece to buy a Ring, a Pox o'the Devil, is that all?

Sir Fumb. By Queen Elizabeth, the very Words and Hand-writing.

Queen. *Item*, To my Niece *Lucia*, Daughter to my Brother Sir *Fumbler*, I give the Sum of Ten thousand Pounds, to be paid out of my Estate six Months after my Decease.

Fred. There's News for you, Sir, however.

Sir Fumb. Confusion! what can be the meaning of this?

Queen. *Item*, All the rest of my Estate, real and personal, Goods, Chattles, Money, and Jewels, amounting to the Value of Fifty thousand Pounds Sterling, I give and bequeath to my Niece *Gertrude*, sole Daughter of my beloved Brother *Bernard Oldmode*, whom I do make my full and whole Executor. I

think that News, Sir, has made you some amends for your broad Piece.

Fred. Ay gad, that News has reviv'd me agen, I know nor where I am.

Sir Fumb. I left it under three Locks at least, besides Bolts and Bars.

Fred and Queen. both read.] On, on, dear Rogue, to be paid and delivered to my said Niece *Gertrude* at her Day of Marriage, good, provided my Brother *Sir Fumbler* have no Heirs Male before his Age of sixty three, or hers of fifteen, which will happen at the same time.

Lady. You may banter the old Man rarely upon that now, for he thinks himself secure by that Article.

Fred. What's that, provided — hum — hum —

Sir Fumb. Oh! d'ye hum at that, my conjuring Coxcombs, provided my said Brother *Sir Fumbler* have no Heirs, but you shall know that the said *Sir Fumbler* has an Heir, that shall wipe your Noses, and so, tho' your Devil *Me-phistophilus*, your Cousin *Lindabrides*, and your fornicating Magician here, have trickt me out of a Thousand Pounds, there's Fifty thousand more yet good to pay for a Christning; and which resolving to celebrate instantly, I invite ye all to the Old House, where in spite of the Gout you shall see me dance, nay, I will sing for Joy the old famous Song made upon such an occasion, the *Winchester* Christning; as for the Will, Doctor's Commons shall relieve me.

Fred. Oh! Sir, we desire but a Copy, and you shall have it agen.

Sir Fumb. And so I leave ye, Sir, to practise more Spells and Charms, your Arts-Master will be paid for your teaching one Day, come Monsieur. [Exit.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pist. Come, come, begar, he vill not believe me for all dat, he be de ver dull old Fool; vat is dis laugh, ha, ha, ha, oh! dis be ver fine English breeding, hoh, ha, hoh, ver goot. [Exit *Pist.*

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this was the luckiest Turn upon him that could possibly happen, — thou Miracle of Women, and much good may't do thee with thy Purse; by *Apollo* 'tis even too small a Reward for Wit of so principal a Quality; but what's to be done next, about this Christning, the main West of the Plot it yet unravell'd.

Queen. Nay, when he finds himself disappointed of his Son and Heir too, he must expire, that's certain.

Lady. 'Twill be time then to put him out of his Pain, his Plate and Jewels too are in my Possession; I have been diligent to provide the Ingredients proper for Pleasure, dear *Fred*, 'twill be your Business to manage 'em gratefully hereafter; I have likewise a sham Child ready upon occasion, but if you can get off the Heiress to Night, all things will succeed without, and then if the sham Christning proves the real Funeral of his Hopes, let him chew upon this Sentence,

To equal Youth, concurrent Joys belong,

But Plagues to th' old, who dare to wed the young. [Exit.

Fred. 'Tis wonderful, to think how far the force of a Woman's Fancy can hurry her; nor is it easie for me to steer my self between the two Extremes, of Nature on one side, and Gratitude on t'other: Tho' my Father has bin too little indulgent, I must not see him ruin'd, especially when done with a vicious Intention bearing the Face of Justice; I'll then contrive an allay of Moderation, and if my Plot to get little *Gatty* out of her Guardian's Hands

succeeds, which we will presently go about, I think her Consent to marry me will waite but little time; you know your Story, Friend, to deceive th' old half witted Magistrate, and I'll get on my Disguise in a moment: Gent. you shall set your Hands out, if you please, in the next Room.

Fowler. Where you please, my noble Heart, hey, the New House, the New House.

Omnes. Yukes, yukes, there she goes, my Lads; hey, the New House, the New House. [*Exeunt.*]

Fred. Come, dear *Will*, I hope this is no Whoring, nor without Profit neither. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Maggothead and Don Tomazo.

D. Tom. Mr. Mayor of *Coventry*, I make but few words, I have been bred in *Spain* and observe a Punctilio; there's no more to be said but this then, One good turn deserves another, open me but the way to your Ward *Gatty*, and I will open to you the Lock of the Spanish Trade, and you shall be the greatest Mrn in your Country, *voto*.

Magg. And shall the whole Wooll Factory, d'ye say, be under my management?

D. Tom. All, all, even to the last Sheep in *Northamptonshire*, tho' it be a black one; which now in time of War, the Commodity being prohibited, will bring in a Mint of Money.

Magg. But pray, Signior, let me reason with ye a little, does not an Embargo upon Ships cramp ye now and then — I'll sound him cunningly, Safe's the word; I know a Spaniard can brag, 'tis likely he may lie too. [*Aside.*]

D. Tom. Without doubt, if all Orders were nicely executed, different Occurrences would daily happen, but there are always Helps for Contingencies; and assure your self, Magistrate, some great Men in Business, like Watermen at their Labour, can look one way and row another; one shall hardly get an Office near the Queen without an Assistant at Court, nor thrive at Sea by Merchandize, without a Friend in the Admiralty.

Magg. Why truly, a Friend there, as you say, may be very proper in your Affair, but then he must give better Dispatch than those employ'd in Court Business; I knew one that depended on a great Man for 13 Years together, and had his Promise constantly every Morning, who at the end of the time desired him to put down what he would have done in Writing.

D. Tom. Nay, to promise and to forget, are certainly there very current Commodities; I heard you were balk'd your self at Court once, which has rais'd your Spleen ever since so much against Monarchy.

Magg. Why the plain truth on't is I was so, it cost me near Five hundred Pounds in Treats and Loans, to a high flying Rascal there, who promis'd to get me a Place under King *Charles* the Second; I was to be, let me see, I was to be Squire of the Chamber-pot, he told me Squire of the Body was too mean a thing: You must know I was young, and not so wise as I am now, for would I might be hang'd if the Rogue did not make me believe, that when one Life fell, I should infallibly come in for Lord of the Bed-chamber.

D. Tom. This was a plaguy Chowse indeed, Signior; but I see you sound

him out in time, got into the Country, and have ever since stuck to your Trade, and grown rich — A Clothier I understand.

Magg. Yes truly, for if I had stuck to my Courtier, I had stuck to a Jail, where he was thrown presently after, with half a dozen Executions upon his Back; but I lost every Penny of my Money, and have only bought the Experience to give a Caveat to all my Friends, how they lose their time in attending Courtiers, with hopes to be Squires of the Chamber-pot.

D. Tom. Sir, your Dislike not only of Courtiers, but also of the Government, answers the Punctilio of your Friend and humble Servant, — Come Signior, let things work, let the War go on, let the Privateers rob, we'll make a noise rail, cry out upon Management, — but hark ye in your Ear, if one Ship in seven come home safe, we'll grow rich for all that, *voto*.

Magg. And do you think, Signior, the Spaniard will do any considerable thing this Summer.

D. Tom. Do any thing, no, no, Signior, the Spaniard never does any thing, 'tis not his way, he values Ease and the Punctilio of State too much for Action; he sits at home, and contrives what other People are to do; if he would do any thing he'd take more care of his Gold Mines than to let other Nations enrich themselves whilst he was starving for want on't: But come, Sir, this and all other Secrets relating to Wealth and Honour, shall be yours, favour me but with a sight of this young Lady; for to say Truth, the pretty Character I have had of her, inflames my Curiosity.

Magg. Ay, that pretty Character is, she is rich and young, and as he hopes, a Fool. Humh, let me consider a little, 'tis worth my while to know the rest of his Secret, and he only desires a sight of her, and what signifies that, I'll venture that *Madrid* Face of his for charming her, especially if I am by. [*Knock within.* Sir, somebody knocks, and I suppose upon Business with me, please to walk into that Room, and I'll come and discourse farther to your Satisfaction presently.

D. Tom. Signior, I'll wait your Punctilio with a becoming Patience. [*Exit D. Tomazo.*]

Magg. This Fellow, I warrant, would not cough nor sneeze if it differ'd from his Punctilio; 'tis a strange stiff Coxcomb, but may be of use to me by way of Trade, and if I can fool him 'tis laudable, and no Offence to Conscience in the least, not in the least, ods pretious, how now.

Enter Smicket.

Smick. Sir, Mr. *Queenlove* is below with a Lady to speak with you, and a Man in black, — I think he's a Parson.

Magg. Oh! are they come, that's well, he sent me this Letter to Day which very much pleases me, the Contents of which are, that he has persuaded his wild Friend *Frederick* to leave off all fruitless Hopes of compassing his Cousin *Gatty*, and in lieu of her, has offer'd him his Sister; who, tho' not so rich as she, is a good Fortune too, but upon this Proviso, that he and I will farther his Design of marrying *Fred's* Sister, Mrs. *Lucia*; and this seems so pat for my purpose, that I have embraced it with all Joy imaginable; ha, ha, ha, and accordingly have sent for her, to be ready in the Garden at a certain Hour, to be inform'd of an Affair that nearly concerns her; I have agreed too their Meeting shall be here as he desir'd, and he has brought this Parson, I suppose to do the Business between her and his Friend *Fred*, and himself and *Lucia*; good,

now if I put in another Couple upon my own accompt, who can blame me; what, Safe's the word, sure I was born with a Cawl on my Head, things come so strangely lucky; for I have now work'd this simple young Creature so much to my Will, that I'm sure she dares not deny me any thing, so that she'll be ready, and here's a Parson fal'n pop into my Mouth, almost whether I will or no; what hinders then but I dispatch my Business too out of Hand, pay the Black-coat well for doing three good Turns instead of two, wipe all Pretenders' Noses, make her Uncle a Coxcomb, who, the Frenchman tells me, has bin damnablely trick'd about the Child, and before to-morrow noon be Master of her, and consequently her Fifty thousand Pounds; here's Wit now, here's Policy, ha, ha, ha, ha, and it ought to be so, what, some wiser than some: Where's your Mistress, *Smicket*?

Smick. In her Chamber, Sir, undressing to go to Bed.

Magg. Oh! you must desire her from me to defer that a little longer; humh, a sudden Thought comes into my Head that may cunningly chowse my Spaniard here too, whose Secret in Trade I long to know, and yet not expose *Gatty* at all; he has never seen her, and therefore this Wench here trick'd up a little in better Clothes, may serve as well; ods pretious, it shall be so, and then have I the leisure to manage me own Affair rarely: Hark ye, *Mrs. Smicket*, I have a small Affair to intrust you with, which if you cunningly manage, will singularly oblige me, and for which you shall be well rewarded.

Smick. Well, Sir, a good Reward for a piece of good Service, is no false Latin.

Magg. Well then, you shall have your Instructions presently, in the mean time tell your Mistress I would speak with her before she goes to Bed. [*Ex. Sm.* Here comes *Queenlove* and his Sister, now to manage these first, then to my own golden Plot; ods pretious, my Brain is so full of Wit, methinks it overflows, to manage three such swinging Intrigues at a time; hah, go thy ways little Mayor of *Coventry*, thou'rt a prodigious Fellow.

Enter Queenlove, a Parson, and Frederick disguis'd in Womens Clothes.

Queen. Mr. Mayor your most humble Servant.

Magg. Mr. *Queenlove*, my Friend, y'are welcom, and so is your fair Sister; [*Looking wistly at her.*] Well, d'ye hear, I am mightily pleas'd with your Letter, and ordering of things, but where is this *Frederick*?

Queen. Sir, he's gone about an urgent Affair, and can't appear till to-morrow Morning; the Truth on't is, Friend, for I'll keep nothing from you, my Sister has lately been courted by a young Officer of the Army, and tho' I have broke it off, to make way for this Match with *Frederick*, yet I know he's now upon the hunt for her, and has engag'd a Party of his Red-coats to carry her off to Night, which *Fred* as subtilly prevents by watching his Motions, and engaging a Party of his Friends to oppose 'em, if need be; then if we can but secure her till Morning, this good Man, whom we have hir'd to be in readiness, shall make all safe.

Magg. Safe! why Safe's my word, Mr. *Queenlove*, nor have I been negligent in your Business; the Damosel in the Garden yonder expects some Knight Errant to relieve her, and if you do get ten thousand Pounds by th' Adventure, I think you have no reason to grutch a Benefit to your Friend. [*They embrace.*

Fred. A treacherous, fanatical Rogue!

[*Aside.*

Queen. Who, I grutch thee! why thou art my Chosen, my Bosom Intimate! gad, I'm so fond of thee, I believe I shall come over to thy Opinion and Party.

Magg. Do, do, faith, and then thou shalt see how Fortune will smile upon thee; no good Hits will come on t'other side; believe me, I tell thee there's ne'er a high Church Fellow of 'em all will ever die worth a Groat.

Queen. No, 'tis evident your Party carries away all the Wealth; well, but Magistrate, to bring our Project to a happy Period, whilst I haste yonder to the Garden, to conduct my dear Charge from thence, be sure to take special Care of my Sister; for this damn'd hot-headed Officer will be certainly climbing of Windows if he has the least hint of the place, and hopes of getting her off; faith, I would not advise ye to venture her in a Room by her self.

Magg. By her self! ods pretious, Mr. *Queenlove*, why sure you don't take me for such a Fool — no, no, I warrant ye I'll secure her effectually; hark ye, she shall lye with Miss *Gatty*.

Fred. Oh! heavenly Rogue, how that Word has fir'd me.

[*Aside.*

Enter Miss Gatty.

Magg. Look ye, here she comes, half undress'd already, she shall lie with her, d'ye see, and in a Room barr'd with Iron as strong as the Tower of *London*; nay, let me alone for Management of things, Safe's my word, some wiser than some.

Miss. What d'ye want [*Yawns.*] with me, Sir, indeed you must make haste if you have any thing to say, for I'm so sleepy. [*Yawns.*

Magg. To say — why you are to have a Bed-fellow to Night, Miss *Gatty*, this Lady here, this proper Lady; humb, on my Word, Mr. *Queenlove*, she's a very graceful Person.

Queen. Ay, Sir, fizeable enough, she has not bin stinted in her Diet, nor bringing up.

Miss. The Dewce take him, now has he set me a wishing for my Cousin *Fred* agen: A Bed-fellow! oh law! what this huge, long-sided, ungainly thing. [*Apart to Magg.*] Indeed I won't lie with her, not I; I warrant she'll tumble, and kick, and play such Horse-play, that I shall lie naked on the Floor before Morning.

Fred. Oh tempting Creature! by Heaven I can hardly contain my self. [*Aside.*

Queen. Oh! never fear, Madam, my Sister will lie very quietly.

Magg. You must know she has never lain with any Body yet, but her Lap-dog, and she's so shy, —

Miss. Oh good! Mr. *Queenlove*, is it his Sister? he's my Cousin *Fred*'s Friend, I must be kinder to her for his sake: Well, Madam, I beg your Pardon, you may chance to prove another sort of Bed-fellow than I expected.

Fred. Ay, or else the Devil's in't. [*Aside.*] I warrant ye, young Lady, I'll not disturb ye; my Heart's ready to come out.

Magg. Ay, ay, I warrant you'll agree well enough together when you're warm abed; what say you, handfom Lady, I hope you like your Bed-fellow.

Fred. Yes indeed, Sir, I'm over-joy'd.

Magg. Your Brother, I suppose, has told you my Design, therefore pray give her a little good Advice; give her a touch upon my Accompt now and then. [*To Fred aside.*

Miss. Well, ivads, now I an't so sleepy as I was, I like my Bed fellow a great deal better than I did; for to my thinking she's very like my dear Cousin *Fred*: I'll swear there's his Nose exactly, and now she leers upon me and ogles

ogles, as they call it; there's just his shining Diamond Eyes too, as if they had been cut by the same Jeweller; and his Shape and Height so right, oh law! well, I shall fancy 'tis he however: Come, Madam, will you go to Bed then?

Fred. Ay, with all my Heart, sweet Creature: d'slife where am I? [*Aside.*

Magg. Why then all things will cotton as they should, Miss Gatty, you must let this good Man have two or three Words with ye by way of wholesome Counsel, and then he shall withdraw: Go Reverend, go in with 'em, and do your Duty. [*Gatty frowns at first, but at last exeunt with Parson.* Now, Mr. *Queenlove*, does not every thing fudge right and purely?

Queen. Ay, ay, why thou art the Miracle of Men in Business.

Magg. Nay, Safe's the word, let me alone for Management: Go, get you to the Garden, and fetch your Spouse that is to be. I must now set another Under-spring a working to trick my Spaniard, and then regale in my new Blessing; 'tis in my Brain, 'tis my Fortune, and remember, Mr. *Queenlove*, Safe's my word still, some wiser than some. [*Exit Maggothead.*

Queen. Ay, that's true indeed, ha, ha, ha, ha, my politick Coddle-pate, and 'tis as true,

That in the Bank of Wit, those have least share.

That in their own Conceits the wisest are.

[*Exit.*

End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Maggothead solus.

Magg. HA, ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is such a Plot, ha, ha, ha, ha, this is such a Plot, that I defy all the Spanish Politicks to parallel, ha, ha, ha, ha, to oblige my doubtful Don here who desir'd a fight of Gatty, that so I might get to the bottom of his Secret, I manag'd *Smicket* to personate her Mistress, which accordingly she did; but now my overwise Spaniard designing, forsooth, to out-wit me, and believing her to be the Heiress, ha, ha, ha, ha, has stol'n her away, I believe, for I can't find her, ha, ha; what will come on't I know not, nor care, I have my Ends of him, and I think am in pretty good Forwardness in my own Affair.

Enter Combwig with Clothes.

Comb. Good morrow, Friend, do you belong to this House, pray?

Magg. How now, who have we here? well, I see Mirth and an airy Humor alters a Man strangely: Now I make no use of the grave Look I us'd to put on, this Rascal can see no Authority in my Face; and what have you to do in this House, Sir, that you would know who it belongs to?

Comb. Hah! I know him now, 'tis the Mayor himself, but what care I, I'm sure our Business is done by this time, therefore I'll proceed, and take no notice that I know him. [*Aside.*] Nay, nay, for that matter, my Business is not so much, I would only be inform'd in what Room my Master lies here.

Magg. Your Master lye here! ha, ha, this purblind serving Spaniel has mistook my House for the Inn that is at next Door, I'll be hang'd else; and pray who is your Master, Wife-acre?

L.

Comb. Who?

Comb. Who is he, Sir; why, Sir, he's one that's very well known to the Man of this House, Mr. Mayor; 'tis the Gentleman that has newly married the Heiress here, his Name is Squire *Frederick Oldmode*.

Magg. Oh ho, if his Name be Squire *Frederick Oldmode*, tho' his Marriage with the Heiress you speak of may be far enough off, yet he may be here quickly; you may wait, Friend, and I suppose it won't be long before he comes; he marry the Heiress, ha, ha, ha, alas! poor Fool, no, Some wiser than some. [*Aside.*]

Comb. Comes, why, Sir, he's here now, and in Bed with the Heiress, I tell ye.

Magg. Hugh, why one would think now 'twere too early for a Fellow to get drunk this Morning already, and yet by his foolish prating it must be so; d'ye hear, Friend, to hinder ye from venting more of the Wit your Morning Draught inspires ye with, know, that I am the Mayor himself; therefore, d'ye hear, no more sawcy Foolery.

Comb. Foolery, gad, Sir, be who you will, I'm sure 'tis the wisest thing I can do to be diligent in my Master's Service; Mr. *Queenlove*, who is with his Lady too in the next Room, told me on't, sent me to see if my Master would rise, and accordingly I have brought him his Clothes here.

Magg. His Clothes! why ye Clod-pate, if my self or the Lady thou speak'st of would admit a Bridegroom here, canst thou think, thou shameless Sot, we would take him in naked without any Clothes on's Back?

Comb. Oh! Sir, he had Clothes on, such as they were; Womens things, a Night-gown and Petticoat that serv'd to disguise him, and make a Fool of I won't say who, but here's his own Clothes, I assure ye. [*Shews the Clothes.*]

Magg. Mad, crackbrain'd! I'll commit him into Custody, for fear he do any Mischief; the Fellow's far gone, who's within there?

Comb. Hah! I think this, Mr. *Queenlove* said, was the Room; gad, since I can find no better Direction, I'll make so bold as to call to him my self; Sir, Sir, I am ready here with your Clothes, and please ye.

Fred. within.] So, so, *Combwig*, that's well, wait a little, I'll come out presently.

Magg. Brimstone and Gunpowder, who is't I hear? [*Magg. starts.*]

Comb. Who is't you hear? why you hear him I told ye of, my Master, igad, and as honest a Gentleman, I'll say that for him, as ever quipt up an Heiress worth Fifty thousand Pounds at twelve at Night, and got her with Twins before one in the Morning.

Enter Frederick in a Woman's Night-gown, with Breeches on.

Fred. Come, *Combwig*, my Clothes quickly, prithee let me act the Hermaphrodite no longer; good morrow, Mr. Mayor.

Comb. Od so, I beg your Pardon, good morrow, Mr. Mayor.

Magg. I am Thunder-struck, blasted, cleft in sunder! a Hermaphrodite, a Devil! [*Bawling out.*]

Fred. Oh! not so loud, Magistrate, prithee not so loud, my Spouse may be frightened, and who knows, but she may be breeding.

Magg. Here's a Scarrab, here's an incorrigible Offspring of Satan; but hold, sure 'tis impossible, let me look upon thee; and art thou then no Sister to *Queenlove*, art thou really *Frederick*?

Fred. Why yes, really, I am *Frederick*, *Frederick*, the daring and the fortunate: I have made bold to put a small Trick upon thee, Magistrate, but

no harm in the World, faith; come, [To Comb.] my Neckcloth quickly, and my Perruke. [Is dressing himself this while.]

Magg. And hast thou, oh! thou Brigadeer General of all the Whoremasters in five adjacent Counties, hast thou debauch'd thy Kinswoman?

Fred. Debauch'd her, not in the least, igad, I'm lawfully married to her.

Magg. Married her! ods pretious, that's worse, I'm undone then, that's worse by half; if he had only debauch'd her, her Money would have soldred her tight agen quickly, as many have bin in the same case; but if t'other be done my hopes are quite lost. [Aside.] But how, how hast thou married her, in the Devil's Name? [Fretting up and down.]

Fred. Why, faith, we made quick Work on't, and the little Black-coat thou sent'st in with us, did his Office very readily.

Magg. He did, oh! that the same Office may be done for him to a Witch, and that I might have but the Pleasure of giving her.

Fred. And as to Consummation, you may be sure I did not leave that Circumstance undone.

Magg. No, no, your Circumstances have both agreed, I don't doubt in the least.

Fred. Gad, I must needs say, I think there was a joint Consent, there was no sign of a Rape, whatever other things might be. I'll call my Spouse to vouch for me: My dear, come, prithee come out, don't be alham'd, here's none but Friends.

Enter Miss Gatty.

Miss. Well, so I can come out, and look any body in the Face too that dares look upon me.

Magg. Oh! monstrous! she's as impudent already as if she had married a third Husband, or heard what the bawdy Midwives prate at forty Gossipings. Oh! ungrateful Gipsy, hast thou neglected all my cordial Instructions? Dost thou not know that I would have provided thee a Husband of such incomparable —

Miss. Incomparable — what, I wonder; oh law! pray don't talk no more, you can provide one thing incomparable.

Magg. Parts! misguided ignorant, Parts! one that e'er-long should have signaliz'd himself so greatly, that —

Miss. Ay, but in the mean time, Pappa, you know, Safe's the word, some wiser than some.

Fred. Ay, ay, well said, my dear, we took time by the Forelock. [Embracing her.]

Miss. Ay, or else, if I would not have taken up with him, ivads, I believe I might have stay'd till I had been bald.

Magg. Oh! unprovident Creature, did I not diet thee every Day with wholsom Counsel, and the choicest Cates of tender Affection?

Miss. Pish, ivads, I did not care a pin for such tender Affection; and as for my Diet, if I had had you, I believe I should have been starv'd; for you would have fill'd my Belly with nothing but Marmalade, and now I shall have a great many good things.

Fred. Ay, that thou shalt, my dear, and as often as thou wilt too.

Magg. Ay, with him thou wilt be sure of three things, Lewdness without Thought, Folly without Measure, and Prodigality without Consideration.

Miss. And with you I should have had three worse things, Lockram Shirts to

to make in the Morning, my Stomach turn'd after Dinner with Tobacco Smoke, and an Afternoon's long Lecture with a stinking Breath.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha, thank thee for that Justice done me, dear Rogue, faith. [Kisses her.]

Magg. Come, come, you're a Child, a Baby, you're so young, that —

Miss. And you are so old, that — I could tell what if I would; and I'd have you know, that for your calling me that very Name now, I'll never forgive ye as long as I live: Child! odds heartily deathly wountlikins, oh law! he makes me so mad at the very Thought on't, that, ivads, I was going to swear; Child! ye old Thrum, Calf Spindleshank, am I a Child, now Husband? [In a Passion.]

Fred. Oh! fie, no, my dear, thou'rt a stanch married Wife now, and as much a Woman as Heart can desire.

Miss. Look ye there, and does my Cousin *Fred* look as if he could not tell — ah! Nose dropper. [Pointing at him in Scorn.]

Magg. Oh! prodigious! the Cockatrice has but just broke the Egg, and shews her Sting already. Here comes the r'other Limb of *Baelzebub*, I shall grow mad, I shall ne'er have patience to speak to him. [Is going out.]

Enter Queenlove, Lucia, and Parson.

Queen. What! my Friend! I hope you would not have been so unkind to leave us without wishing us Joy; here she is, faith, at last, my *Matchiavile*, thank thy Diligence, and fast enough too, the Parson has been at Work this Morning, as early as 'tis.

Magg. Treacherous Devil! and is this the Return you make me? but who could expect better of a high Church Tory?

Queen. Ha, ha, ha, oh! there was reason, faith, Republican, great reason.

Magg. But I'll consult my Lawyer, and call my Officers together to hamper ye; I'll not be abus'd in my own House thus, you shall know who I am.

Fred. Hark ye, Magistrate, no bustle, as you love your Carcass, for I have half a score Friends planted within hearing of a Whistle, that upon occasion will make such a Havock amongst your Bill-men, look ye, here's their Scout, [Shews Comb.] therefore mum, Safe's the word, some wiser than some, you know.

Magg. Ten thousand Plagues upon ye, oh! my Head, my Brain.

A Wife to miss is but a trivial Evil,

But to lose so much Money, that's the Devil. [Exit.]

Queen. Ha, ha, ha, come, now let's make haste off to some other place; thus far Fortune has crown'd our Wishes.

Fred. We have only one Scene more of the Comedy to act at the Old House, which is, to see how my Father behaves himself at the sham Christening; for now there's no occasion for palming a false Kid upon him, I must settle some Affairs that Honour is concern'd in; and then, dear Child, a long and conjugal Repose with thee. [Hugs her.]

Miss. Ay, that's well, but no Child, Husband, no Child, you know I have a Pique against the word; oh law! dear Cousin *Lucia*, and are you a Wife too then, and have you been all Night with your Husband, as I have.

Lucia. No, Miss, not yet, but I'm afraid he will make use of his Husband's Authority, and bring me to't hereafter.

Miss. Oh! I warrant ye, Cousin, you need not be in such a fear, Marriage is not such a terrible thing, as we think mun; but Cousin, d'ye hear, not a word more of Miss; be sure you take care of that, I'm a Wife pray.

Lucia. Oh! I beg your Pardon, I had forgot indeed, dear Cousin.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Abram and Butler.

Abram. Let me have no more Disputes but obey your Orders, his Worship is resolv'd to celebrate this Day with Jollity and Feasting; and I his Steward, and consequently superior to the rest of Domesticks, determine to see all things decent for the Honour of his House, the Old House, d'ye mark me; I have therefore already given the Cook Direction about his Dishes, and now, you, the Butler, see that you are not wanting in ordering your Pots, Bottles and Glasses, your Wine and other Liquors; for if you fail, and Discredit happen upon this joyful Day, off you march, good by t'ye, ye troop, ye trudge, affirmatively.

Butl. Sir, I think I have given Proof of my Diligence, I'm sure I sat up all last Night a papering of Biskets, and burning of Wine, for the gossiping Women; I shall make their Tongues run to morrow, I warrant ye there will be no want of Cackling.

Abram. And hear ye me, when you have sugar'd and spic'd the first Flaggon of the burned Wine, bring me a Goblet full to tast, that I may dismiss it with my Approbation.

Butl. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[*Butler goes to a side Table with Wine on't.*]

Enter Sir Fumbler, Bombard, Crimp, Hookem, Touch-hole and Jowler.

Sir Fumb. Is not the Midwife come with the Child yet, *Abram*?

Abram. Not yet, and please ye; but the time draweth very nigh in which my good Lady promis'd my little Master should be forth coming. The Curate is here already, he is drinking his part of a Gallon of butter'd Ale with the Fiddlers; the Country, and like your Honour, are come in too, will you be pleas'd to hear their Jollity?

Sir Fumb. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, and let the Christning Ceremony be done then afterwards, but first give me a Glas: Come, here's to ye all, and you're all welcome to the old House. Major, come, to the good Success of the War, may the Monsieur cringe as he did in *Oliver's* Days: And the Spaniard, as when their renown'd Armado was burnt by our more renown'd Queen *Elizabeth*; I wish it with all my Heart. [*Drinks.*] *Abram*, see it go round.

Abram. With particular Diligence, affirmatively.

Bomb. War, ha, ha, ha, ha, where's the Men, where's the Officers? what, will they take 'em out of a wrestling Ring, or in the Country Villages from Sheep shearing? where's the Fighters, where's the Men for the War, I wonder?

Touch. Speak to him, *Jowler*, take him up, a Mungrel, always snarling; — bark at him, we'll stand by thee. [*To him apart.*]

Jowl. Where's the Men, where's the Men? what a Pox, are there no Men in the Kingdom, because you are skulk'd here to die in a Hole like an old Rat that has poison'd himself. Where's the Officers? why here's one, and here

here are others; I my self will leave off following the Dogs to be a Leader on such an occasion.

Hook. And I catching of Trouts.

Touch. And I shooting of Pheasants.

Crimp. And I, dear Box and Dice, and the merry Main, by *Jove*.

Fowl. Ay, and every body else, and so away with the Health as 'twas begun, my Lads, Success to the War.

Omnes. Ay, ay, Success to the War.

[*All drink.*

Abram. I will pledge the same likewise in one full Brimmer, affirmatively.

Sir Fumb. Why God a mercy, so, now take your Places, and let us see these Musical Diversions.

[*They all sit.*

Here follows comical singing and dancing, then enter Probleme.

S O N G.

I.

Celladon, when Spring came on,
 Woo'd Silvia in a Grove,
 Both gay and young, and still he sung
 The sweet Delights of Love:
 Wedded Joys, in Girls and Boys,
 And pretty Chat of this and that;
 The Honey Kifs, and charming Blifs,
 That crowns the Marriage Bed.
 He snatch'd her Hand, she blush'd and fann'd,
 And seem'd as if afraid;
 Forbear, she crys, your fawning Lies,
 I've vow'd to die a Maid.

II.

Celladon, at that began
 To talk of Apes in Hell,
 And what was worse, the odious Curse
 Of growing old and stale:
 Loss of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,
 And offers kind, when none will mind:
 The Rosie Joy, and sparkling Eye
 Grown faded and decay'd.
 At which when known she chang'd her Tone,
 And to the Shepherd said,
 Dear Swain give o'er, I'll think once more
 Before I'll die a Maid.

Sir Fumb. How! my Wife without to speak with me, sayst thou, and not the Child come, thou amazeft me; how has she dar'd to venture her self abroad, and why has she not sent the r'other?

Prob. She will fatisfie your Worship her self immediately, but desires to be private.

Sir Fumb. Go

Sir Fumb. Go fetch her hither. **Gent.** the Gossips and some good Company are making merry within, pray go see how ye like 'em.

Fowl. Well, Sir, and when you want us to be Witnesses we'll be ready.

Omnes. Ay, ay, we'll all be ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Fumb. Be ready said they, pray Heaven they have occasion; my Gout now is chang'd to an Ague Fit, and I shake thro' very Fear: Hah! bless my

Enter Lady Oldmode and Probleme.

Eye sight, this frightful Apparition agen, how now, what are ye?

Lady. Why, faith, no better nor worse than her you took for better or worse, e'en your wedded Wife, Sir.

Sir Fumb. My Wife! the Devil! what, and act an Irish Bogtrotter, be brought to Bed at Night, and up agen and to Market next Morning; besides, that any thing relating to me should appear in that abominable modified Dress, is Witchery, I'll not believe it.

Lady. Well, Sir, if I have not Power enough to strengthen your Faith, yet I must presume to inform your Understanding, and let you know in a word, that you can proceed to no Christning.

Sir Fumb. What Fiend art thou that tells me so!

Lady. Humh, what, must you have it agen? why your Wife, your Wife.

Sir. [*Loud in's Ear.*] Will ye not know her yet? I mean, Sir, your Wife by word of Mouth, for as to any other Knowledge of her——

Sir Fumb. Confusion seize thee! what dost thou mean by this?

Lady. Why, Sir, to save your Credit before People, I have desir'd this Privacy, and to explain my meaning in few words, you are too old for Children.

Sir Fumb. And what a plague hast thou been whining for then, hast thou fool'd me all this while?

Lady. Why truly I have been practising the help meet, Husband, but the fooling part is equal between us; alas! you are too old indeed, Sir; *Probleme* there will tell ye more, speak, *Probleme*.

Prob. Why really then, I must needs say your Worship has been very unprolifick a long time. [*Makes Curtsies to him.*] Burn me like a Toast, the Gout has disabled your Worship to an unfortunate degree, good lack a day.

Sir Fumb. Ah! confound your Civilities, now the Gout has disabled me, and yet within this two Days this damn'd Nightmare swore, I was as rampant as a Cock Sparrow.

Lady. And then for the Scarramouch antique Dress you made me wear, Sir, to shew you what a Veneration I had for it, I have us'd it in Effigie as the ancient Romans did their Heroes formerly; I have ceremonially laid it upon a great Pile of Wood, and have set it on Fire.

Sir Fumb. Monster! Fury! thou hast not sure? the gracious Model of Queen Elizabeth burnt! this distracts me; Confusion, no Christning neither, I shall be laught at by all the World: No Child at all, no Boy, nor nothing.

Prob. Nothing at all really, and like your Worship, good lack a day, you have been a long time sadly goury, in troth Sir.

Sir Fumb. Get out of my sight, ye Screech-owl, or——but why, what's the Design of this, what is this done for?

Lady. Why since the plain truth must out, for your Son, Sir, your young, your charming Son, Sir: I have not varied you see out of your Family: tis

true, I married ye because I wanted an Estate, and he and I were then at a little difference, but soon the Love Fit return'd; and finding you so unnatural to incline for a Bribe to sell your Niece to the French Fool for the Spanish Fool, I was resolv'd, by counterfeiting my self with Child, to secure the Heire's Estate for my dear *Fred*, whom I should have married, and whose Love I prize beyond the World, and think now I have deserv'd to enjoy it.

Sir Fumb. Oh! unpattern'd Impudence! can no sense of Honour engage ye to a Reflection?

Lady. Honour, yes, I think I have shewn it by my witty Contrivance for your Son; and if there be any Reflection that way, it should fall on you, that have neither that nor Discretion neither; for if you had Honour, you would not have plotted with others to supplant *Frederick*; and if you had any Discretion, you would never have married me.

Sir Fumb. Oh! Bradamant — Lais — what shall I call thee?

Lady. Even what you please, I'll call you but by your own dear Name, old *Sir Fumbler*, and 'tis enough in Conscience; 'tis strange that you old Fellows will never take warning, that you will all think your selves to be young active *Cezars*, and that you can leap the Rubicon as he did, when Heaven help ye —

Sir Fumb. Very well, Termagant, I hope my Plate and Jewels are extant however, tho' my Son and Heir is abortive.

Lady. They are safe indeed, Sir, but you know if I should chance to come to separate Maintenance, — or if *Fred* and I should disagree —

Sir Fumb. Oh insupportable! nay, then I am resolv'd to have Satisfaction before you leave the House, Madam.

Lady. That you shall, Sir, and here's a Friend of mine will give it ye, I doubt not, and guard me too from all your feeble Injuries.

Enter Frederick, Miss Gatty, Queenlove, Lucia, Combwig — Pistole.

Sir Fumb. Hah! my prodigal Son and Daughter, — my Niece too, all yok'd and combin'd in my Disgrace and Ruin; my Heart can hold no longer, my Eyes must shew my deep Repentment. [Weeps.]

Fred. Hah! my Father in Tears! I find then she has been plaguing him. Good morrow, Sir, what's the matter, I beseech ye?

Sir Fumb. But that I know thee lost to all Obedience, and may suppose too, even to human Nature, I would reason with thee, to know whether the Fiend that thus inspires thee to crack the very Heartstrings of thy Father, has any Limits.

Fred. Sir, let me beg ye to explain your self.

Sir Fumb. Explain my self, thou Wretch, canst thou be ignorant of my Disgraces, that art cause of all? Hast not thou warm'd this Serpent here to sting me, and for some trivial Errors which the Weakness of Age perhaps has blindly led me to, reveng'd thy self beyond a Foe's worst Rancour: Perverted first my Wife, taught her to cheat me of Money, Jewels, and by a Trick the Will too, and for Reward given her incestuous Payment, all but a Reprobate would blush to think on, and canst thou basely thus abuse me more by urging Repetitions?

Lady. The old Gentleman is angry, my dear *Fred*, at my new Change of my Habit, and likewise that his Christning's disappointed; faith, I have been so plain to tell the truth, that when I married him I lov'd thee still, and would do ten times more to secure thine, which now, I hope, I need not doubt.

[Apart to him and *Sir Fumb.*

Fred. Hold!

Fred. Hold, Madam, I must proceed still like a Man of Honour, the case is alter'd since I saw you last. [*Embracing Gatty.*] I'm now a Husband, this young Lady here my Wife, to whom my Oath has bound me to be faithful; 'tis true, your Wit helpt me to find her Fortune, and from her Fortune liberally I'll thank ye; Two thousand Pounds added to what already you have of mine, when late Accompts are stated, I'll make a Present still, provided that my Father's Plate and Jewels be safe return'd, and given to his Possession.

Lady. How's this! what does he say?

Fred. As for this Violence of Love to me, I look on it just as a start of Humor, which would upon its turn fly off t'another, and therefore is to me of less concern; especially resolving to be just, and leave the flashy Toyes of vain Amour to indulge and relish the safe Joys of Marriage.

Lady. Traytor, canst thou be so ungrateful?

Fred. Oh! fie, fie, thou mak'st a Forfeit of thy Sense to call it so; 'tis Justice, and y'have nothing now to do but to repent and beg my Father's Pardon upon your Knees, as we do for his Blessing. And first know, Sir, for any act of Incest we're innocent, and, tho' in getting this Estate, I know the Comforts that are consequent, yet will your Favour be the best Addition: Give then your Pardon, and the whole Remains I have of Life shall study to deserve it; for be assur'd, Sir, that with me no Mistress, nor any Pleasure wanton Youth is fond of, can please like Reconcilement to my Father.

Sir Fumb. Thou hast o'ercome me; blest ye, kind Providence, and give me now your Pardons for my Weakness. [*Raises 'em up.*]

Miss Gatty. Oh law! ivads, I'm glad my Uncle's Friends with me; but his stubble Beard prickt me tho' grievously when he kist me. [*To Fred.*]

Fred. I must presume to introduce my Friend, Sir, a Man of Honour, and deserves my Sister. [*Queenlove and Lucia kneel.*]

Sir Fumb. My Blessing on ye; rise, you will see my Tears else. [*Raises 'em.*]

Queen. Sir, you from this time ne'er shall have occasion for any Trouble by my want of Duty.

Lucia. Nor shall a Minute of my Life hereafter be spent without blest Thoughts of your Indulgence.

Sir Fumb. Madam, to argue with you will lose time, your Plots being at an end, I now may breath, and only let you know, what the Law gives ye you may make bold with, but my Bed no more.

Lady. If Curses had Effects like Spells of Witchcraft, how I would dole 'em yonder; but since nothing can bring to pass the bent of my Revenge,

I'll make 'em by a sullen gloomy Air,
Believe that is Contempt which is Despair.

Prob. Ah! burn me like a Toast, I find I'm more likely to be kickt than preferr'd, as things go now, therefore I'll e'en steal off.

Pist. Monsieur Sir Fumbler, me do find dat here be ver strange Conclusion of Affair, and derefore de Sum of Money and Jewel which you have of me, once more me tink ver reasonable, dat you must refund.

Sir Fumb. Not a Groats-worth, Sir, till your great Monarch's an Emperor, I tell you once more.

Pist. Begar den me vill swinge you off by de Law, me vill.

Comb. Hark ye, Monsieur, one word of bouncing and I'll have you sent to Newgate:

Navigate: You have forgot since you own'd your self a French Spy to a Gentleman in Disguise at Sir Fumblers; look ye, I am the Man.

Pist. Oh! Morbleau, me fall be hang; Ecote, I beseech you, Sir, no more of dat, and me have one hunder Pistole vor present to you, my Son Don Tomaz, woo be now upon some ver grand Affaire, fall give you one Purse full.

Comb. Well, Sir, I shall talk with you about it.

Pist. Oh! here be my Son, begar, and some great Lady, me suppose dat he is marry; oh! he have de large Head, ver wise, ver wise.

Enter Don Tomazo, and Smicker mask'd.

D. Tom. Now, Signior, I hope I may be bold to say, *voto*, I have answer'd your morose Punctilio with a Stratagem natural to our Spanish Politique: I have bob'd your wise Guardian Mayor too, who, I hear, is crackt-brain'd yonder for loss of his Heirefs, whom I have atchieved and married here in spite of ye by dint of Brain and Merit.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, who does Don Diego talk of, what Heirefs?

Queen. Nay, I know not, over Management of his Spanish Punctilio, *voto*, I believe, has crackt him too.

Pist. Let a me see, let a me see, dis must be some grand Dutchess or Infanta.

D. Tom. Dona Gertruda, unvail, and shine upon the Company [*She unmasks.*]

Fred. How! Mrs. Smicket, I commend her, ifaith; she has outplotted the plotting Spaniard, and got a Husband into the bargain; gramercy, my little Marmalade Maker, I wish thee Joy.

Sir Fumb. Ha ha, ha, this is a monstrous great Lady indeed, Monsieur, some Infanta at least.

Miss Gatty. Why how now, Smicket, what have you been playing the Fool, and marrying without my Knowledge, hah, who shall put me to Bed now to Night I wonder?

Smick. Truly I must beg your Pardon at present, Madam, I'm otherwise engag'd now.

D. Tom. I am disgrac'd, abus'd, undone, *voto*, I will never pretend to be a Politician more,

Pist. Vat a diable is dat, vat aile my Son?

Sir Fumb. Why nothing, but for the Honour of France and Spain, he has married a Chambermaid with five Pair of old Shoes, and two dy'd Nightgowns, instead of a Fifty thousand Pound Heirefs, that's all.

Queen. Oh! he has a large Head, Monsieur, ver wise, ver wise.

Pist. Begar, den it be certain de Politique of France and Spain be quite out of Door, noting prosper dat dey take in Hand: Oh! Jerny de Chambermaid! begar, me fall tink of noting but brussha de Comb, lace de Stay, and menda de Stocking as long as me live.

Fred. And now, Sir, if you please, we'll by consent be merry, and forget all Differences, the Old House and the New shall be united, and each alternately regale its Friends. Marriage, methinks, has given me new Being, and cleer'd the Rust of Vice that stuck upon me, besides the Prospect of new Joys in store

Which cannot, I think, fail, but if they shou'd

The 50000 Pound I'm sure is good.